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COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

The accompanying portrait will be recognized as that of the most distinguished steamboat owner in the United States—Cornelius Vanderbilt, popularly known as the "Commodore." No man connected with our merchant navy has done so much for the advancement of steam enterprise or the expedition of travel as Commodore Vanderbilt.

Like most of our leading men, his beginnings were small. He was born in the year 1795, on Staten Island. His father owned a farm, and a small ferry-boat which plied between the island and the city. When the wind was fair, the boat sailed; when it was unfavorable, the boatmen relied on the oar. One, and the most useful of these boatmen, was his son Cornelius.

The father wisely obliged his son to work for him in the ferry-boat for a certain number of hours each day. The rest of his time was his own. This spare time he used so thriftily, that by the time he was eighteen he owned a boat of his own. For some five years it may almost be said that he lived in this boat; carrying pleasure parties to picnics; boarding ships; and performing all the work of a boatman. There are many still living who remember "Corneil the boatman;" how skillful he was in managing his craft; how daring in encountering the roughest weather; how perfectly reliable in every respect. No matter how it blew, or stormed, or froze, if Corneil had agreed to board a ship or to deliver dispatches, he did it. Many and many a time anxious ship-owners could not have communicated with their ships in heavy wintry storms but for Vanderbilt's courage and skill; we may depend upon it that if he knew the pecuniary worth of those rare gifts, never was money more cheerfully paid than the reward he obtained on such occasions.

The knowledge Commodore Vanderbilt acquired during his life as a boatman he never forgot. Not many years have elapsed since, in the yacht *Una*, he won the great club race of the year solely by his thorough knowledge of the intricate currents and tides of the Bay, and of his remembrance of the manner in which the various headlands affect each prevailing wind. On another occasion he probably saved his own life by his skill with the oar. He had, we believe, been attending a railway meeting somewhere in Jersey; and instead of taking the ferry to return to New York, he, in company with his brother and one or two other gentlemen, took a small boat a short distance above Hoboken and bade the boatmen pull them over. Night was falling as they started. It was in the month of January, and the North River was full of ice. The boatmen pulled for some time steadily ahead; but in a short while they got into an island of slush (broken ice and snow), through which their utmost strength was insufficient to force the boat. Presently a large cake of ice came floating along, and gave the boat a rude shove. It was now becoming very dark, and the cold was intense. In a short while it was evident they would be frozen in. The Commodore had from the first sat quiet in the stern sheets; and his companions, who looked to him as their leader, had followed the example. At length he sprang up.

"Boys," said he, cheerily, "this won't do. Give me an oar! Now you two," he added, addressing his brother and one of his friends, "take those oars and row." Noticing some signs of rebellion on the part of the boatmen, he quietly said, in a tone which there was no mistaking, "You keep out of my way, or you'll maybe come to grief."

Standing, then, with one foot on each gunwale of the boat, he steered with his oar, guiding the little craft through each lead of water between the ice cakes—now heading north, now south, now toward Staten Island, and now toward Albany, but steadily contriving to approach the New York side. It was midnight, and the moon was up when the boat reached a dock on Manhattan Island. One of the parties who shared the Commodore's society on that evening has been heard to declare that he grew ten years older in the five or six hours they spent in the boat.

To return to Vanderbilt's early life. As a boatman, at the age of 22 or 23, he was making an income of $5000 a year. But he saw that the age of oars and sails had ended, and that steam was henceforth to be the great agent of navigation. To study and understand steam became thenceforth his object; and to achieve it, he became the superintendent of Mr. Gibbons's line of steamboats plying between New York and Philadelphia.

He was ten years in this employ, during which time the line was very profitable to the owners. At length Vanderbilt, feeling that he was master of the whole subject of steam navigation, and finding his family increasing rapidly, announced to Mr. Gibbons his intention of establishing himself on an independent footing, and requested him to engage a new superintendent. His employer met the observation with an offer of an increased salary, which was rejected. No further notice of the subject was taken for some months. At length Vanderbilt inquired whether Gibbons had found a substitute for him. He was then told that he might draw three times the salary he was receiving, but that he must remain in his present position. He again declined, and reiterated his determination to leave. Gibbons finally asked him what the steamboats and other property connected with the Philadelphia line—belonging to him (Gibbons)—were worth; Vanderbilt, who knew their value much better than their owner, estimated them at $103,000. Gibbons offered them to him at this figure, leaving it to him to specify the conditions of payment. Still Vanderbilt would not be convinced, and would not buy. The end of the transaction, we believe, was that the Stevenses, who already owned one end of the route, bought out Gibbons in the other end, and that Vanderbilt forthwith established an opposition. This was the first of Vanderbilt's many fights.

At the outset, as he was a young man without apparent capital or resources, it was confidently prophesied by his opponents that he would presently fail. Every week was expected to be his last. Still, week after week elapsed, and he did not fail; nay more he ran his boats more regularly and more swiftly than the opposition line, and he carried off the lion's share of the traffic. After a season of fierce rivalry, his opponents, weary of losing money, sent for him to negotiate a compromise. They began the negotiation by observations necessarily tending to an inquiry as to how much Vanderbilt would take to abandon the field to them. He stopped them, before they made an offer, by calmly offering them $80,000 to abandon the route to him. This terminated the negotiation, and another year of intense rivalry ensued. At the end of the second season Mr. Vanderbilt was again met by his opponents with proposals for a compromise. It must be presumed that during the year he had discovered a more fruitful field for his enterprise; for when the Messrs. Stevens and their associates now appealed to him, he met them with a long list of ex-employés of theirs, who, in consequence of the rivalry and their attempts to economize, had been thrown out of employment.

"Gentlemen," said he, "pay to each of these men what they would have earned had it not been for the opposition, and I will withdraw my line."

His adversaries were only too glad to compromise on such favorable terms. They paid every one the sum mentioned by Vanderbilt, and he, as he had promised, withdrew his line.

After the close of Mr. Vanderbilt's connection with the Philadelphia line of steamers, he ran a line to Elizabethport; and soon afterward began a series of conflicts with the established lines on the Hudson, the Sound, the Delaware, etc., etc. It has been much the fashion to regard these contests as attempts on his part to levy black-mail on successful enterprises. It is hardly fair for any man to undertake to decide what are the particular motives of his neighbor in undertaking a specific work, if the work be in itself legitimate and fair. He must be judged by the results; and the results, in every case, of the establishment of opposition lines by Vanderbilt has been the *permanent reduction of fares*. Wherever he "laid on" an opposition line, the fares were instantly reduced; and however the contest terminated, whether he bought out his opponents, as he oft-

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, ESQ.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

en did, or they bought him out, the fares were never again raised to the old standard. This great boon—cheap travel—this community owes mainly to Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Twenty years ago most of the steamers plying between New York and neighboring ports were owned by powerful corporations, who enjoyed a monopoly of the traffic, and whose wealth and obvious soullessness were a terror to steamboat men. Of all the enterprising men of that day Vanderbilt was the only one who had the courage to assail these monopolies. He did assail them, one by one, and was invariably victorious. The monopolies were sometimes ruined, but the public traveled at half the old rates. One may be sorry for the former, but, after all, the latter is entitled to some sympathy too.

The Commodore once, in conjunction with his brother, Captain Jacob Vanderbilt, ran a boat on the Hudson in opposition to an established line. His brother commanded her. One unlucky day the boiler burst and killed many passengers. The accident aroused the feelings of the people to frenzy. They threatened to lynch the Captain. They exhausted themselves in menace and invective. Captain Vanderbilt was compelled to seek refuge in the city, and the monopoly re-established the old tariff of fares.

All that Captain Vanderbilt had in the world had been invested in this boat; the explosion ruined him. He had neither the means, nor, indeed, in the teeth of the popular fury, the hardihood to renew the contest. Not so his brother. In the midst of the storm of indignation, when the very name of Vanderbilt aroused execrations deep and loud all along the North River, the Commodore quietly announced that he would run a boat in the place of the one destroyed by the explosion. The exasperated river towns and villages swore that he should not. They would not allow his boat to make fast to their piers. They would not let freight be brought to him or taken from him. When he ran to a wharf he could get no hand to take the ropes he threw ashore to make fast. As to business, it is recorded that more than once his daily receipts did not exceed $0 12½. When a solitary passenger did take passage in his boat he hid himself from the public gaze, as though he had been doing a guilty thing.

Meanwhile, Vanderbilt had said that he would run his boat, and run her he did. Threats, abuse, opposition, annoyances of all kinds fell on him harmlessly. At the same hour, day after day, the execrated boat made her appearance at the usual landings, and steamed pleasantly up to the very wharves at which, for many days previously, she had been pelted with eggs and driven from her moorings. The Commodore knew mankind. He knew that the storm aroused against his family was too violent to last. Nor did it. A day came when some river people quarreled with the monopoly, and out of spite took passage in Vanderbilt's boat. Others, sympathizing with the man's fortitude and perseverance, declared that they would see fair play; let him land at the docks. Then the proprietors of the monopoly quarreled among themselves, and began to realize the old saying about a house divided against itself. So things went on, the Commodore's boat running swiftly and regularly, the other boat frequently happening with accidents, till the old familiar end came. Every body patronized Vanderbilt, and the monopoly went to pieces.

The crowning feats of Vanderbilt's career have, however, been connected with the Central American Isthmus.

For a year or two past the reopening of the Nicaragua Transit Route has engrossed much public attention. This great thoroughfare between the Atlantic and Pacific States has now been closed nearly three years; and although, from time to time, negotiations have been entered into with the Nicaraguan Government, and grants have been obtained, or supposed to be obtained, which should have led to its speedy reopening, all these have proved abortive or delusive, and it still remains sealed up, to the great loss of the public and to the great profit of a private monopoly. By the last steamer reports were brought of the ratification of the Cass-Yrissari treaty, which by many is looked upon as a positive guaranty that the Transit Route will soon be thrown open. It remains to be seen whether this will done through the White party, or the Van Dyke grant, or by Commodore Vanderbilt. Meanwhile, it should be borne in mind that the veteran Commodore was the only man who possessed money enough and pluck enough to open this new route before.

A brief sketch of his connection with this great enterprise will show how thoroughly he has been identified with it from first to last; and, as a chapter in the Transit history, will not be without public interest.

The grant for a Ship Canal Company was made by Nicaragua, in 1849, to C. Vanderbilt and his associates. The grantees were subsequently incorporated under the name of the American Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company. This grant was for the exclusive right to construct a ship canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua, which at that time, by reason of the imperfect surveys made, was supposed to be practicable. It further gave the exclusive right to transport passengers and merchandise between the two oceans by means of steamboats over said waters, and by rail or carriage road, or other means of conveyance, over the land part of the route. To present the ship canal project to English capitalists and secure their co-operation, Mr. Vanderbilt made a trip to England in 1850. The leading capitalists of London agreed to engage in the construction of the canal if, after new and fuller surveys, it should be pronounced practicable. These surveys were made, and by them it was ascertained that there was not a sufficient depth of water in the lake, the previous surveys on this point having proved inaccurate. For this reason the ship canal project was laid aside, and the grant remained unused until 1851. In that year the Government of Nicaragua, on application of the Canal Company, separated the Transit grant from the Canal grant, and conferred the Transit privileges upon the Accessory Transit Company, which at the same time was incorporated for that purpose.

The Transit Company was forthwith organized, and Mr. Vanderbilt was chosen President. In the winter of 1850-'51 he had built the steamship *Prometheus*. Prior to this, and soon after his return from England, he went in person to Nicaragua, passed up the San Juan in an open boat, and spent several weeks in taking the soundings, the depth of water on the rapids, and satisfying himself of the practicability of the route for steamboats up the San Juan and across the lake. The whole of this time he slept in an open boat, and for ten days did not take off his clothes. His companion, who was a tough old sea-captain, declared he would not go through such work again for all Central America. The original plan was to make Realejo the Pacific port for the new line, but the Commodore determined to find a shorter route. He therefore examined the harbor of San Juan del Sur, at that time unknown and unnamed, and about which no reliable information could be at that time obtained even in Nicaragua. Having decided upon that as the best harbor, he selected the route for a carriage-road from the harbor to the lake. He had thus mapped out and fixed the Transit route from ocean to ocean; and having acted upon his favorite maxim, "Settle every doubt *before* you start," he returned to put the route into successful operation. He immediately sent out the lake boat *Director*, and the river boats *Clayton* and *Bulwer*. The steamships *Pacific*, *Independence*, and *North America* were sent round to the Pacific, to run in the line from San Juan del Sur to San Francisco; and in July, 1851, the *Prometheus* made her first trip to San Juan del Norte. Subsequently, in the same year, he built the *Daniel Webster*, to run in the Atlantic line with the *Prometheus*, and went out in her on her first trip to San Juan, having in tow the new lake boat *Central America*. This boat was towed from New York to San Juan—a feat, in its novelty, daring, and success, quite characteristic of the "Commodore." He, in person, took the *Central America* up the San Juan, over the rapids, and safely into the lake; and, having successfully opened the route, returned to New York. Under his management the route became a favorite one with California travelers; and from time to time, as needed, he, in 1852, built and put into the line the *Northern Light* and *Star of the West* on the Atlantic side, and the *Brother Jonathan* and *S. S. Lewis* on the Pacific; and the semi-monthly line, *via* Nicaragua, was placed on a firm foundation. The Commodore accomplished all this in the face of almost incredible difficulties. In the hands of most men it might have remained a splendid but visionary scheme; in his hands it became a noble and successful enterprise. The price of passage for the thousands who travel between New York and San Francisco was permanently reduced from $600 to $300. He did all this, too, not only without Government aid, but in direct opposition to a Government-fed monopoly. The line continued in successful operation until, on the 1st of January, 1853, the Commodore sold his steamers on both sides to the Transit Company. He continued to act as agent until his celebrated yacht-trip to Europe in the *North Star*, in May, 1853. In June, 1853, Charles Morgan was appointed agent, and the Commodore's connection with the Company terminated. He had no further connection with it until February, 1856, when he was chosen President.

In 1855 William Walker landed in Nicaragua. By his connivance the charter of the Transit Company was revoked on 18th February, 1856, and a new grant made to one Randolph. Of the stupidity of this act there could be no question. It may have been Walker's intention to confiscate the Company's property in Nicaragua, and seize upon the steamships as they severally arrived from New York and San Francisco. If so, he was woefully disappointed. The prompt action of Mr. Vanderbilt saved the steamers, and his immediate withdrawal of them from the line cut off Walker's supplies and left him to perish. In a few months he was driven out of Nicaragua, and a native government restored. Since then, owing to the unsettled state of affairs, and the various intrigues set on foot, no satisfactory grant or recognition of the Transit rights has been obtained from Nicaragua, and the transit remains closed.

In the spring of 1856, within sixty days after the transit was seized by Walker, Mr. Vanderbilt went to Washington during Mr. Pierce's administration, and there pledged himself to the President of the United States and the Government that he would reopen and establish the Transit Line on sixty days' notice, provided the Government would protect the property employed thereon; and the same offer was made by him to President Buchanan on the incoming of his administration. Up to this moment he has been ready and anxious to do the same thing; but he has not felt justified in hazarding his own property and the lives and property of others where it was liable to be destroyed at any moment. This protection which he sought was denied him.

During all this period he has, from month to month, been in hopes of being able to open the transit, and the arrangement made by him with the Mail Company was predicated on the belief that under no circumstances could it last more than a month or two; but causes beyond Mr. Vanderbilt's control have operated to continue this uncertain state of things.

Pending this, a new line to California *via* Panama is announced, which is understood to be under his powerful patronage. His steamships include the *Vanderbilt*, *Ocean Queen*, *Northern Light*, *North Star*, *Ariel*, *Daniel Webster*, and a new iron steamer now being built, on the Atlantic; and the *Uncle Sam*, *Orizaba*, *Sierra Nevada*, and *Cortés*, on the Pacific. With this powerful fleet, and his great wealth and life-long experience, he must prove a formidable rival for any opponent. At all events the Commodore in a California steamship line is eminently "*the right man in the right place.*"

In his many victorious fights Mr. Vanderbilt has owed nothing to luck. There is not a man living, probably, who more carefully foresees and provides for every possible contingency, leaving nothing to chance. Every enterprise is brooded over for weeks, if need be for months; he *sleeps* on it again and again, and every doubt is raised and disposed of before he takes the first step, but when that step is taken there is no turning back. He is all caution until he has decided; but when the decision is made he is all confidence, and not a doubt arises to disturb his serenity. Beyond most men he is endowed with the qualities of patience, pluck, and perseverance. Herein is, we think, the secret of his power and his success.

Mr. Vanderbilt has not confined himself or his capital to steamboats and steamships. By his wealth and his counsel he has assisted many of our most important railroad enterprises, and aided in bringing them to a successful result. Indeed it seems to be his pride, and an honest pride it is, to keep himself and his vast capital usefully and profitably employed. We have heard it said that no man in this country gives employment directly and indirectly to so many persons. He does not allow the rust to gather on his money, or cobwebs to gather on his brains. He began life by working to live, he now lives to work. We commend his example in this respect to our men of wealth. Should he live, he will doubtless be identified with many new enterprises.

Our likeness of Mr. Vanderbilt is taken from a photograph by Brady. In person he is full six feet, and of fine presence. He is now about sixty-four, and just in the prime of his powers. He has, as a matter of course, many friends and many enemies. This is always the case with men who make their mark. But it is seldom that a more touching tribute to a man's good qualities is paid than was recently paid to Mr. Vanderbilt. It is fresh in the recollection of our readers that last December, in a terrific storm on the Atlantic, Captain Ludlow, while in command of the Commodore's steamship *Ariel*, was struck by a sea, and his injuries were such that he lived but a few minutes. His last words were, "*Tell the Commodore I died at the post of duty!*" The man to whom such a message is sent at such a time is no ordinary man. He must have not only the stern qualities that command respect, but the finer qualities that win the affection of those who know him best.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 5, 1859.

NEW YORK AS A MURDERER.

MRS. CARLOCK has been duly sentenced and disposed of. The wretch whose treatment of the poor little infants intrusted to her care was such that her neighbors were wearied beyond patience by the incessant visits of the dead-cart coming to her lodgings in search of murdered foundlings has found at last an appropriate home in one of the penal institutions of this State. But the system survives.

The Ten Governors still lease out the right of murdering foundlings at the moderate rate of one dollar a week. The Alms-house doctors are still ready to certify under oath that the murdering is done according to the soundest scientific principles. And we doubt not but visiting nurses continue to be of the opinion that the murderesses (who do not always, as in the case of Mrs. Carlock, combine the employment of receivers of stolen goods with that of professional infant-slayers) are persons, on the whole, of the most humane disposition and the gentlest tendencies. If these respectable persons—Alms-house governors, doctors, and visiting nurses—are to be believed, the murdering of foundlings is so beautifully and so admirably systematized that 'twere a sin and a shame to alter any thing in the process.

For all this, we doubt whether the New York tax-payers are quite satisfied that their agents in this city should out-herod Herod in slaughtering infants, as they appear to be doing at the present time. On the Ganges, on the Yang-tse-Kiang, and even in some European towns, the prospects which await the child of poor and ignorant parents are so wretched that to strangle the child in his cradle—the crime apart—may not seem so very cruel a deed. But this country is very wide. Labor continues to be in great demand, not only in the West, but in the East. Children born with whole limbs need never fear starvation. If, instead of a thousand foundlings, New York had the charge of an average of twenty thousand, there need be no difficulty in disposing of them to their own and the public gain, if they were brought up properly and allowed to live. This is the sentiment of the persons who contribute the money for the support of the Alms-house. And they are decidedly of opinion that, under the circumstances, considering the demand for labor in the country, and the opportunities which every where offer for the development of intellect and industry, it is not well that the Governors of the Alms-house should sanction the wholesale slaughter of the infants committed to their charge as they are now doing.

We pointed out last week the remedy. We now wish to bring the question home by making it a personal one with the most recently elected, and, undoubtedly, one of the most respectable of the Ten Governors, Isaac Townsend. Mr. Townsend has long been known as a philanthropic and intelligent man. His attention was drawn many years since to the inevitable consequences of the present Alms-house nurse system. He is cognizant of the facts. He is not a politician, does not want to go to Congress, or to obtain any other post in the gift of the great unwashed. He is a man of great wealth, a bank director, potent in Wall Street, and terrible in bank parlors. To Isaac Townsend, therefore, we turn as a man who can afford to do the right thing in this matter, and we ask how long is the Alms-house to abet the murder of helpless infants? He has the power, if he choose to exert it, of preventing the wholesale murder which is going on at the present time. If he does not exert it, he becomes directly accessory to the crime. We do not choose to waste time with the insignificant politicians who happen to form part of the Ten Governors; but we ask Isaac Townsend—and we intend to see the matter out—how long the institution over which he is an overseer is going to slaughter the foundlings of New York?

FOREIGN BLUNDERING ABOUT THE UNITED STATES.

The blunders which foreigners make when they attempt to describe or reason upon the working of American institutions have been so frequently shown up that it seems almost superfluous to allude to the subject at this late day. But latterly there appears to have been a fresh eruption of absurdities on the European mind; the British and French journals which reach us are fuller than ever of ponderously asinine statements in reference to the United States.

In France it can not be expected that newspaper editors should appreciate American institutions at their just value. Every Frenchman lives in terror of rapine and murder unless he has a gendarme at his elbow. According to him, without the gendarme there can be no order. Liberty to him is a vague essence, of which the outward and visible signs are hordes of turbulent operatives seeking a redistribution of property on communist principles, and truculent orators and journals demanding ten thousand heads as an offering to their goddess. Safe and comfortable society, according to his notions, implies thousands of gens d'armes, hundreds of corps de gardes, a prudent censorship, and a sound law condemning people who speak, or write, or act as they please to a given number of months imprisonment. These are the views inculcated at all the schools in France, and implicitly adopted by the vast majority of educated Frenchmen. Accordingly, when these persons condescend to turn their eyes to the United States; when they find that there are no gens d'armes here, no corps de garde, no censorship, no penalty on speaking or writing or acting beyond what may be necessary for the safety of individual life or property, no restrictions of any kind on the ebullitions of the popular fancy or temper; and, above all, a government which it is the fashion to deride and insult to its face, they come to the conclusion that such a society must be on the verge of dissolution, and that rapine, bloodshed, and anarchy may be enthroned any fine morning. With their views they could hardly be expected to judge differently.

It might be supposed that the English, who enjoy as much personal freedom as we do, would judge more intelligently of the working of American institutions. But with them a stupid blind prejudice against whatever is different from them and their institutions seems to have utterly obfuscated their intellect. One of their best men, John Bright, is just now stumping the kingdom on behalf of a measure which he is about to introduce for the extension of the suffrage. In England no man can vote unless he pays so much rent. Mr. Bright desires to reduce the amount necessary to entitle a man to vote. No one who has two grains of sense can undertake to controvert the propositions he lays down. No one but an absolute imbecile can pretend that the payment of $20 extra rent ought to confer upon a man political privileges; or that the payment of $20 less rent ought to deprive a man of the right of helping to make the laws by which he is governed. Accordingly, we do not find that the English journals assail Mr. Bright fairly and straightforwardly. But as he has in his speeches alluded occasionally in terms of commendation to this country and its institutions, the British press fasten upon this, and ask in furious tones whether Mr. Bright desires to introduce Lynch law and the bowie-knife into polite English society? They eagerly quote Mr. Buchanan's not very discreet letter to the Fort Duquesne Committee, and inquire whether Mr. Bright wishes to see corruption the basis of British as, by the admission of our highest magistrate, it is the corner-stone of American politics? They ransack our papers for accounts of social disorders; they select every abusive paragraph from recklessly-conducted or blindly partisan journals; they gloat over exaggerated accounts of corrupt elections; and they triumphantly inquire whether these are the substitutes which Mr. Bright offers in lieu of the splendidly calm despotism of the British aristocracy?

When Irishmen recount the frenzies and the debauches of their countryman, the Marquis of Waterford, as types of aristocratic British society, the good sense of this country laughs at the absurdity. When American journals tell us that the aim of the Duchess of Sutherland in inviting Mrs. Stowe to tea and toast was profoundly machiavellic, and that her ladyship had an eye to the dissolution of the Union, we roar with laughter at such monstrous nonsense. And when American orators read from British papers accounts of British wife-beating, British swindling, or the starving of British children on the estates of noblemen, and desire us to regard these as the natural fruits of the monarchical and aristocratic régime, the sober judgment of the American audience sets the speaker down as a knave.

They do not seem to be so quick-witted in England. If the Irishman, John Nugent, makes a fool of himself at Frazer's River, that is an argument against Democracy in England. If Matteson takes bribes, it is thence inferred in Great Britain that all Congress is venal, and that it would be fatal to the countrymen of Walpole, Beresford, and Colonel Waugh to extend the suffrage. In a word, the famous English traveler who decided that all French women had red hair because that was the hue of his chambermaid's locks in the hotel at Boulogne, is still the type of his countrymen. Clever, and learned, and ingenious as the English are, their prejudice, when they attempt to judge of the institutions and manners of other nations, renders them as pig-headed as the most obtuse of the Saxons.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INDIAN AID ASSOCIATION.—CORRECTION.

To the Editors of Harper's Weekly.

SIRS,—Observing in your issue for February the 26th a notice of "The American Indian Aid Association," in which I am named as one of the Vice-Presidents and responsible managers of that body, I beg leave to say that, while I heartily sympathize with the general aim of the Association, I have declined the honor conferred upon me in the Vice-Presidency, and that I am in no way connected with, or cognizant of, its management.

I am, Sirs, respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN JAY.

352 FIFTH AVENUE, *February* 23, 1859.

THE ALMS-HOUSE CHILDREN.

NEW YORK, *February*, 1859.

MR. EDITOR,—In your article in last week's paper on the "*Alms-house children*" you state that in "1857 the Home for the Friendless picked out of the nursery department thirty of the healthiest and most promising infants and carried them to their institution, where they were treated with every attention and care. Of the entire number but ten are living, the remaining two-thirds having fallen victims to scrofula, marasmus, and other diseases."

Your statement is not entirely correct. The excellent Missionary of the Home, Mr. Halliday, in the discharge of his duties had frequent occasion to notice the miserable condition of many of the children boarded out by the Alms-house authorities, and the entire incompetency and faithlessness of the nurses to whom they were intrusted. At his request a number of the *most sickly* children, in the care of the *worst* nurses, were taken to the "*Home*" as an experiment, to see if, in a well-ordered institution, the mortality might not be lessened. I do not think there was a single healthy child among the number. Several were almost in a dying condition when brought into the institution; and notwithstanding some were saved, many whose lives were undoubtedly prolonged by the care they received at length sunk into what must have been to them the welcome sleep of death. Others fell victims to severe epidemic diseases, which were introduced into the institution by them. One child died a few hours after reaching the Home; and I find, on referring to my note-book, that against the names of nearly all who died I had marked when they entered—*hopeless*.

These children *were picked*, not from the most healthy, but from the most sickly and neglected.

Let the authorities to whom are intrusted the boarding-out of the destitute and abandoned infants exercise all possible care, still there must be neglect and abuse, against which it is impossible for them to guard. The fault is in the system. No person can afford to take proper care of a child for one dollar per week—the amount paid by the authorities. If among children surrounded by the comforts of life, and living in the most healthy portions of the city, the mortality is fearfully great, what must it be among those whose days are passed in the close air of rooms often reeking with filth, cared for by those whose only interest in their comfort is the paltry dollar per week this great city doles out for the support of a human life?

This city needs a *foundling hospital*, with well-ventilated nurseries, amply supplied with careful nurses and the necessaries of life. Here, among others, let the abandoned and destitute children now hired out to nurses be taken and cared for. They would be constantly under the eye of proper persons, carefully nourished, kindly nursed, and at length, strong in bodily health, sent forth to bless the world and contribute to its wealth, instead of serving to swell the number of little graves in *Potter's Field*.

Very respectfully,
EGBERT GUERNSEY, M.D.,
Physician to the Home.

THE LOUNGER.

THE LATE NUPTIAL SACRIFICE.

A FEW years ago, as the Lounger was one evening lounging in the French Comedy, where Rachel was playing Thisbe in Victor Hugo's play, he was thrilled, upon raising his eyes to the Presidential box—it was before the Empire—by seeing the very living image of Napoleon Bonaparte.

He stood in the front of the box, his arms behind him; his round, smooth face, with the Byronic brow, turned full to the stage; and for a moment the resemblance was as perfect as resemblance could be. Then the figure moved. Behind it stood the old Jerome, Napoleon's King of Würtemberg; and it was clear that the apparition of the Emperor was only his nephew Napoleon, son of old Jerome.

It was in the early days of the reviving glory of the Bonapartes. The saturnine and sly Louis had been only a few months President, but was doubtless already plotting in his heart how to subvert the republic—a plotting against which Lamartine had warned the Assembly. But France was generous—and hundreds of Frenchmen are dying in Cayenne.

With the rapid rise of the house the Prince Napoleon—who, as son of old Jerome, the heir-apparent, stood alarmingly near the succession—rose also. He advanced in every thing but honor and public respect. His name has been for the last seven years a proverb of infamous dissoluteness even in Paris. Probably there is not a man in the world who respects him. Certainly there is not a woman.

But his cousin the Emperor, whose ambition is Napoleonic, has long seen that a *coup* was possible in Italy. That country has been heaving in chronic restlessness; and the most reasonable expectation is that it will gravitate toward the most liberal and able of its established governments, even if it were monarchical. That government is the Sardinian. The Sardinian king burns to be King of Italy. It is a tradition of the house of Carignan. And the King has no son. But he has a daughter, Clotilde, fifteen years old.

Here were the family considerations which Louis Napoleon could digest at leisure; and the political combinations of the Continent he probably understands quite as well as any man in Europe. So last year the King of Sardinia went to France, and was sumptuously fêted; and this year, on the 30th of January, in the Sardinian capital of Turin, the Prince Napoleon—a fat man of fifty, the grossest *roué* in Paris, the nephew of the Corsican adventurer—was married to the oldest Princess of the royal old house of Savoy, a modest girl of fifteen.

Of course it is only a move in the astute imperial game of Louis Napoleon. The old kings and princes of Europe become puppets in the hands of the Leicester Square refugee, as he plays for power. The lives of French subjects and the happiness of all Italian girls are equally at his mercy, and are equally sacrificed.

What a shame upon our common humanity that a criminal like Louis Napoleon, who has hesitated at nothing atrocious and nothing mean—whose undoubted ability is no more an excuse for his career than uncommon skill excuses forging or stealing—a person who, as a private man, with only a shadow of the crimes he has committed resting upon him, would be shunned by every decent and self-respecting man—should be able to go beyond his own country, and drag into his toils a pretty, innocent princess, by mating her with a cousin of his own, noted only for his vices, and who would be kicked out of any club of decent gentlemen if he were not a prince of the imperial blood!

Because Louis Napoleon has made himself Emperor of France by means that no honest man would employ for any purpose under heaven, we need not suspend the judgments of our moral sense. There is no denying the supreme success with which he has managed his game, but there is certainly no denying the knavery by which it has been achieved; and that which would be knavish in the poorest foreigner shinning about Leicester Square and contriving to get a dinner, is not less so in the same fellow contriving to get a throne.

If the men of France choose to submit, it is their own affair. But the wanton sacrifice of a poor little Italian girl ought to move a world's pity.

THE STATUE OF WEBSTER.

A CLUB of respectable gentlemen in Boston, who call themselves, we believe, the Whig Party, in memory of that late lamented and most excellent political organization, have recently received the bronze statue of the famous Massachusetts Senator which Powers was commissioned to execute several years since. The first statue was cast and shipped, but the vessel foundered at sea. In the case of the present one Providence was less kind, and it has arrived safely.

The club of respectable gentlemen have drawn an elephant, and they are sadly perplexed to know what to do with it. First of all, it was unpacked and erected in the vestibule of the Boston Athenæum, and thither the town repaired to contemplate it.

Oh woeful day! There was no possible point of view from which the work could be praised by the most intrepid member of the club. It is so entirely unsuccessful as to be refreshing, because it relieves every spectator from the necessity of even trying to admire it.

There is a tall, gaunt figure, clad in a dress coat buttoned up closely; trowsers of the texture and aspect of wet cambric; one hand holding a piece of paper, pointing feebly at the other, which rests upon the top of a large faggot. Poor Allan-a-Dale!

The *presence*, which was Webster's great personal peculiarity, is entirely wanting. The thing is big, but not large; and no man who remembers the massive impression always produced by the original but will be puzzled and amused to know how an artist could have so utterly lost every trace of it in his work.

The Club have held a meeting to deliberate upon the final disposition of their property. They heard a report, presented by Mr. Everett, in which they deprecate the present situation of the statue, and suggest that, under other circumstances—when there is either more or less light (we forget which, and it doesn't matter)—there will be a better opportunity of viewing and judging the work.

Many thanks, but 'tis hardly worth the trouble. No light, whether more or less, whether from above or below, will ever give to the brazen pile that grave intellectual aspect which struck all beholders as they saw the original. No charitable contemplation will ever put into these features that inward weariness and woe which clouded the countenance of Webster in his decline. The whole moral of his life and character is lost in this unmeaning mass of bronze.

Permission was obtained from somebody in Washington to place the statue in the vestibule of the United States Court-room. Then the Governor said he would intercede with the Legislature to have it put in the State-House grounds; and there it will probably go. If it were only possible literally to put it in the grounds every body would be satisfied.

There is one situation, however, which has not yet been mentioned, and which, with due reverence for the official report, the Lounger would humbly suggest. The State is making land about Boston. It throws into the Back Bay hills and rocks and rubbish of all kinds. Put the statue in the Back Bay—or in the spire of the Old South—or, horizontally, in the Frog Pond.

The Lounger laughs at the statue—not at the respectable club who ordered it—nor at the sculptor who modeled it. He has made a reputation for the care and skill of his work, and the marvelous likeness of his busts. But this time he has failed entirely; and for his own fame and Webster's the minority report, recommending the Frog Pond, ought to be accepted.

BRIGHTENING.

AT this time of day, in a tolerably intelligent nation, living under some kind of constitutional government, whenever an orator demands that the whole people shall have a full and fair representation in the Legislature, he is asking for that people what they are sure to obtain. And this is the scope of Mr. Bright's movement in England.

The argument that England is well enough governed, if used as a plea against any political agitation, is simply absurd, because it is nothing but that agitation and the perpetual apprehension of it on the part of the governing class, that counteracts the inevitable tendency of all classes possessing unquestioned power to abuse it.

Undoubtedly the whole aristocratic system is philosophically, and will consequently be found to be practically, inconsistent with a popular representation and government. Where the people govern, there is no practical need, as there is no theoretical justification, of an aristocracy; and wherever the principle of popular liberty has been recognized in a state, its constant political tendency will be to popular government.

That is the present condition of England, and the difference between Mr. Bright, who is a clear-headed, bold-hearted political philosopher, and Lord Carlisle, who is an amiable, good-hearted Earl, is only this: that the commoner wants to smooth the road that the state must inevitably travel, and the peer wants to drag the wheels.

Nothing, indeed, could be more ludicrous than that the chief public opponent hitherto of the sinewy middle-class Englishmen should be the philanthropic, but not powerful, Earl of Carlisle, our Lord Morpeth of other days. Good, pleasant gentleman, full of kindly qualities and fond of Exeter Hall, he said at the Lord Mayor of York's dinner that, when the time came, his "order" would make a good fight for themselves. Dear Sir, the time has long since arrived, the fight has been fighting, and the voice which awakens you is not the cry of attack, it is the shout of victory.

For, what kind of fight does the Earl expect except a simple, practical trial of the *necessity* of his order? The moment the people of England are convinced that they do not need an aristocracy, that moment the fight is over. It will long exist in form, but the substance will be gone. The bottle may smell of the attar long after the essence has evaporated. Forms of government grow out of states of society, and an aristocracy belongs to a medieval, ignorant age, not to the nineteenth century.

Thus the aristocracy of France is done. There is a Faubourg Saint Germain, but that is only a French Society of Cincinnati. There is a Tuileries, and a Louis Napoleon, and a Duke of Malakoff. Yes, and yesterday there was a Duke of Marmalade and a Count of Gooseberry-tart in Hayti. Empires founded in the year of grace eighteen hundred and fifty-two don't count. Louis Napoleon's prodigious performance is only the present aspect of the French revolution, which is, in other words, the growth in intelligence and political ability of the French people. The French aristocracy was not destroyed by any enactment. It simply ceased to fulfill its functions. Of course it wears its old clothes still and keeps to its family relations. But the Faubourg Saint Germain is only Mr. Toots in Paris. 'Tis of no possible consequence to any body.

And when the English aristocracy as an institution, as an "order," is in the same situation, it won't make any "fight for itself," as the good Carlisle intimates, over a glass of Burgundy and a filbert; simply because old clothes can't fight. The whole matter is in this fact, that Guy, Earl of Warwick, made nominal kings because he was strongest of the real kings, and that now Samuel or Lemuel, Earl of Carlisle, declares comfortably, amidst loud cheering after dinner, that he and his friends will make a good fight, if it comes to the point. Guy of Warwick represented the strong power, and was king; now it is John of Manchester who represents the kingly, or controlling, power.

And *Punch* can find in his position only a Quaker climbing a greased pole to clutch a flitch of popular applause! But how Douglas Jerrold, who was the original vital elixir of *Punch*, would have hailed him, heart and hand! How kindly he would have said to the amiable Earl, "Sit down, your Lordship, sit down; and let us follow the ladies to the drawing-room."

MRS. KEMBLE'S ADIEU.

IN the *New Monthly Magazine* (we think) for some month in 1829 there is an article by Thomas Noon Talfourd describing the first appearance of Mrs. Fanny Kemble with a triumphant success worthy the traditions of her house. Early in the thirties she came to America, and the ecstatic operatic recollection of Malibran a few years ago is matched only by the enthusiasm which yet lingers even in the remembrance of her dramatic career. In the wildest moments of our modern delight in Jenny Lind, some grave and pensive senior nodded and replied, "You should have heard Malibran." And at every dramatic excitement of the last twenty years the same pensive spirit whispered, "But *I* saw Fanny Kemble!"

During the last few years her readings have given us all, who had never seen her upon the stage, some impression of her great talent and of the peculiar dignity of the Kemble dramatic school. In this city, as elsewhere, the interest in the readings has never flagged, however prolonged the course may have been. They were unattended by any trickery of advertisement—no pomp of publicity. Mrs. Kemble merely announced that the recent series would be the last she should ever give in New York; and on the last evening of the course, on Friday evening, February 18, 1859, with a quiet, matronly dignity, among heaps of flowers which the hands of unknown friends had strewn upon the platform, the woman who, as a girl, twenty-five years before, had electrified the town with enthusiasm, stood, rich in the ripened admiration and affection of her thoughtful audience, and with popularity and power yet undiminished, bade them gently farewell.

Longfellow has already spoken for those who heard:

"O precious evenings! all too swiftly sped!
Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
And giving tongues unto the silent dead!
How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,
Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages
Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,
Anticipating all that shall be said!
O happy reader! having for thy text
The magic book, whose Sybilline leaves have caught
The rarest essence of all human thought!
O happy poet! by no critic vext!
How must thy listening spirit now rejoice
To be interpreted by such a voice!"

THE LAST WORK OF MR. HAYS.

MR. HAYS, our famous animal painter, has just done a service to all men who live by any department of creative art, in obtaining an injunction against a picture-dealer who had engaged copies and sold false duplicates of "The Retriever," a picture of the artist's. It is simply a dangerous and most profitable forgery, and one to which painters are peculiarly exposed. Their debt to their brother artist is all the greater.

But how enjoin Photography? Every picture is now at the mercy of the sun, as every lecture or oration or sermon is at that of Stenography. The constant tendency of the age is to the multiplication and popularization of every kind of work. Cheap literature will be followed close by cheap art, and the traveler will return from a tour through historic lands with the statues and the pictures faithfully reproduced in his stereoscope.

A preacher's sermon is no longer safe within the walls of his own church. He may contemplate an exchange next Sunday with his brother in the faith two hundred miles off, and he will repeat this admirable discourse. Vain hope! it printed itself as he spoke, and every parishioner of his brother in the faith two hundred miles away has read the sermon aloud in his family by Wednesday night.

A poor lecturer takes the train to repeat, in a neighboring city, the lecture he delivered last evening. Yes, but the newspaper takes the same train, and his neighbor in the car sits reading a verbatim report of the lecture in the bag of the speaker which he is going to deliver to that neighbor this evening.

However, there is something that can not be photographed and defies reporting. The color of the painter is his own secret, and the oratory of the speaker can not be stenographed. So the artist and the orator need not fear the progress of the arts and the advance of civilization. The world moves all together. The photograph that shows the outline only kindles desire to see the color, as the types that report the speech beget the wish to hear it spoken.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—A SUBSCRIBER is informed that all communications for the "Drawer," or for any department of *Harper's Magazine* or *Weekly*, are to be addressed simply to Harper & Brothers, New York. In reply to the second question, she is informed that the *Musical World* is probably the one she means.

—GEORGE SANFORD's poetry is not to be found, nor does the Lounger recall its receipt. It is the Lounger's habit to take some notice of every communication.

—Who will help DE F. F. H., of Homer, New York, to discover the line—

"Oh, Consistency! thou art a jewel."

—J. H., Natchez, wants to know the address of the President of the Panama Railroad, and asks the Lounger! Did he ever hear of the man who inquired for royal Bengal tigers at a toy-shop?

A NEW RACE OF MONKEYS— THE GORILLAS.

We give herewith four engravings of a new race of monkeys, termed Gorillas, which are only just beginning to be realized by zoologists, and of which no living specimen exists in any zoological collection in the world. A skull of the adult gorilla is to be found in the Museum at Boston, having been sent thither by the African missionary, Rev. Mr. Wilson; and the most learned professors of Great Britain are now engaged in restoring the body of a gorilla lately sent them from Africa.

The peculiarity of the gorilla consists in its size and strength. It stands at least a foot taller than any known description of monkey; and its strength is such that it engages in single combat with lions and panthers, and overcomes them.

Monkeys, as is known, are found in most of the southern regions of Asia, especially in Hindostan and in the Asiatic islands; throughout Africa; and in South America. But, with few exceptions, all of these monkeys are diminutive in stature. The monkeys which are sold at the Cape, at Fernando Po, at Rio Janeiro, at the Columbian ports, and at the ports of Java and Sumatra, seldom attain a height of over thirty inches. It is doubtful whether any member of the family of *Simiadæ* exceeding three feet in stature has ever been placed in a European or American museum. Of the larger varieties of the monkey tribe—the Pithecus, the Gibbon, the Hylobates, the Orang-outang, and the Chimpanzee—it is doubtful whether any adult members have ever been captured alive. Monkeys of these races have been taken in infancy, and bred in captivity. They have been uniformly, as is supposed, stunted in their growth. Their character has also been altered. Instead of growing fierce and impatient of control, they have generally proved docile and amiable; whereas, in their native state, they grow in ferocity as in size. They have generally been short-lived.

A NEW MONKEY—THE GORILLA.

The gorilla has usually been classed among the chimpanzees. It seems now, however, that it is entitled to constitute a separate family. It reaches the enormous size of six feet in height. When it is borne in mind that a simia three feet high is, in respect of muscular development, a match for a strong man, one may imagine the force of a similar brute six feet in height and broad in proportion. One can readily believe the stories which are told of these animals assailing lions, and battering their brains out with stout sticks; of their assailing villages, and carrying off young girls in the teeth of their fathers and kinsmen.

The gorillas are gregarious. They live in herds, perhaps we should say villages. When other animals or men appear in sight, the females seize their offspring and fly to the trees for refuge. The males proceed to give battle. Whether the intruder, man or beast, have come upon them casually and unaware, or whether he have sought out the gorilla solitudes with deliberation *prepense* to kill and murder, it is all the same to the infuriate quadrumana. Wrenching in hot haste a branch from some neighboring tree (if he be not thus armed already), he utters a harsh cry, sounding like *kha-hi!* and rushes upon the intruder. If the latter be a man, and armed with a gun, there is a chance for him; just one chance, and no more. If he discharge his piece at too great a distance, so that the bullet, however rightly aimed, can not penetrate the tremendous skull, then is the gorilla only the more terrible for the attempt on his life. If, on the other hand, the hunter wait a little too long, the gorilla is upon him with a terrific spring. In an instant the firelock is wrenched from his hand, and the next moment it is crunched in two between the monstrous teeth, just as easily as a donkey would bite in two a carrot. Next comes a terrible death for the hunter. The gorilla never forgives, and is never afraid. The creature kills his antagonist either with a blow of fist or club, or by a bite with those tremendous teeth of his, which can hardly be put to any honest use, seeing that the gorilla is a fruit-eating animal.

GORILLA'S HEAD.

The Africans believe that gorillas are men like themselves, who would speak if they did not believe that they might be obliged to work. A sulky race of idlers, in truth! ill tempered, and —though partial to young negresses, whom, it is said, they frequently keep for months together in captivity, and for whose society they desert their proper spouses—very fierce and implacable to man. Sometimes the gorilla kills a negro; this is regarded as an omen of evil import. Sometimes the negro is the victor. The corpse is not insulted, as it is not certain but that the gorilla may not have been, at some former period, a relative of his slayer's. His skull is cut off and hung up; Mr. Wilson procured the Boston skull from the cabin of a negro. The body is decently buried.

The contrast between the gorilla and man is as striking as the resemblance. The gorilla loves heat, and crouches by any fire which negroes leave in his native woods; but he does not know enough to heap wood upon the embers, and so keep his fire alight. He loves to suck sugar canes; but when he tries to carry off a bundle to his nest, he does not know enough to tear them up one by one. He seizes an armful with his long arms, and tugs vainly at them till even his prodigious strength is wasted. Muscular strength, courage, cunning—all the animal qualities are as predominant in the gorilla as in man; but when it comes to reason, the brute is nowhere.

The specimen of the gorilla which we now engrave was recently sent to the British Museum. On the 11th of September, 1858, Mr. Bartlett, of the Crystal Palace, was invited to be present to see the cask opened in which it arrived. Upon the opening of the cask, in the presence of Professor Owen and other officers of the Museum, the appearance of the specimen was such as to leave little hope of its being saved, and the stench was so great that it was found necessary to have the cask immediately closed; in fact, the animal was in such a state of decomposition that it required considerable determination on the part of Mr. Bartlett to undertake the task of restoring and preserving this rare creature. For this purpose it was immediately removed to the middle of a large field at Norwood, in which place, for several weeks, Mr. Bartlett and his assistants were engaged in the operations required for its preservation, and by which means it has been restored to its present state. Mr. Bartlett was assisted during the whole of the process by Mr. Ashton, in taking the photographs and stereoscopic views from which our engravings are copied.

THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

The accompanying illustration will convey to our readers an accurate idea of a scene which, once a year, is described to them in the papers. It is the opening of the British Parliament by the Queen.

We have preserved in our government some trace of the old monarchical ceremonial. There are occasions when the representatives of the people at Washington throng the avenues and alleys of the Senate chamber. But the grand pomp and ceremony, the state and magnificence, the ancient forms, and the majestic usages which accompany the opening of the British Parliament are wholly unknown here.

In Great Britain, when Parliament assembles, both Houses organize without debate or delay. In neither House is the office of Speaker subject to the vicissitudes of party. The late Speaker of the Commons held office over twenty years; with ordinary good fortune Sir John Denison may preside over the British Commons for as long a period. Presently it is announced that the Queen is in the building. She is draped in the royal mantle by a duchess or two, who, on this august occasion, perform the office of lady's-maids. The Duchess of Sutherland—who in all probability never once dressed herself without assistance—is very commonly on duty at the opening of Parliament. She and her associates fasten the royal mantle and pin it in front. They adjust the head-dress, and take a general survey of the royal costume, to see that all is in order. Time was when, in case of need—as in the days of Royal Elizabeth, for instance—they were provided with needle and thread to repair any accidental rent in the garments of the sovereign; now it is presumed that on such occasions the Queen will need no seamstresses. When her Majes-

THE GORILLA IN THE CASK.

THE GORILLA RESTORED.

OPENING OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT BY QUEEN VICTORIA, 1859.

ty is fully accoutred, she emerges from the private 'tiring room. There Prince Albert, her husband, and her Prime Minister, for the time being, are waiting for her. The latter bears a gigantic sword, which taxes the strength of his arm; this is the sword of state which he is supposed to wield in behalf of his royal mistress. In our engraving it is Lord Derby who carries this enormous weapon; he looks all the better for having left his spectacles at home. Prince Albert, as usual, appears unobtrusive and quiet, with his bald head and jack-boots. His function in life is to listen, and he has never been accused of discharging it unsuitably.

Presently all is ready, and her Majesty is ushered into the House of Lords, all rising to receive her. She and her husband take their seats, and the members of the House of Commons come crowding in. A printed paper is handed to her Majesty, which she begins to read. This is the Queen's Speech. There is seldom any thing in it. It is a number of sentences without meaning added together without art, and generally composed without grammar. No information of any value is ever conveyed to the world by a Queen's Speech. Language, in this case, is emphatically used for the concealment of thought.

Our Presidential Messages, which used to be read by the President, are a great improvement on Queens' speeches. But how could Queen Victoria ever recite such a document as one of the Messages of Buchanan or Pierce?

The occasion depicted in our engraving has been so well described by one of the London journals that we make some extracts:

"The doors of the House of Lords were opened at twelve o'clock, and considering that the fair sex are in question, it is rather surprising to see the numbers that are there in time. In a very few minutes after that hour both sides of the gallery are nearly filled, and the dresses look like a rich band of variegated colors, which relieves the effect of the dim impressive grandeur of the chamber above. All are, of course, in full evening dress, though the labors of the toilet are at present concealed under shawls or cloaks, for the day is far from warm,

and some of the storied windows above the seats have been left open, making gaps in the succession of one line of kings.

"The peeresses arrive fast in little groups of twos and threes, and after much bowing and talk with friends are at length ushered to their places by the messengers, and occupy themselves in gazing at that rich, angular, but strictly Gothic throne, now uncovered, and disclosing to view the only uncomfortable seat in all the House of Peers. It is not much to look at, but still it is something, and would be hailed as an object of interest to the poor ladies who, by dint of friends and interest, have obtained tickets for the Royal Gallery outside in the hope of seeing the peeresses go through to the House. But the peeresses come by another avenue, and the ladies who are waiting so patiently now, as they did last year, will see about as much of the chief personages of the ceremonial as if they had stood with the crowd outside.

At one o'clock there is a great and sudden influx of noble ladies, all superbly dressed in the fullest amplitude of the present fashion, and who remain in the body of the House, looking with something like dismay at the very narrow aperture between the benches for the peers through which they are required to pass. In vain the messenger says, "Now, pray, ladies, now, pray, move." The ladies are all smiles, but as immovable as Stonehenge, opposing a passive resistance—the most effectual of all obstructions to officials who have to be polite and do their duty at the same time. At last they settle down with a great rustle, as an unknown Baron, with two new bars of ermine in his robes of state, saunters in, followed by the Earl of Albemarle. Through the glazed doors of the Prince's chamber are seen bright groups of peers, mixed with the rich uniforms of embassadors and the great officers of state.

An audible whisper runs through the house as the Duke de Malakoff, wearing the badge and order of the Bath, enters with his beautiful bride. The Austrian and Hanoverian Ministers, with the Bishop of London, are the next notabilities; and these are followed by a batch of nameless peers, who sit and talk with the peeresses, and relieve with their scarlet robes the light colors of the ladies' dresses, which now, at a little distance, make both sides of the House resemble two rich parterres. The Sardinian Minister follows, making a stiff and rather distant bow to the Duke de Malakoff. Lord Derby enters in walking dress to conduct the Countess and Lady Emma Stanley to their seats; and in the wake of the noble Premier follow the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Salisbury, London, Exeter, Winchester, Carlisle, Bath, and Wells.

The American Minister, wearing the distinction of a plain black coat, enters the seats reserved for the diplomatic corps, where his simple dress is at once conspicuous amidst the rich uniforms and glittering orders which all around him wear. The Swedish and Netherlands Ministers follow with the Minister from Hayti, whom, though what is politely termed a gentleman of color, Mr. Dallas, nevertheless, cordially recognizes and shakes hands with. An unknown Minister from some of the small States of South America next enters in a diplomatic costume so exceedingly like the dress of the beau of Queen Anne's reign as to attract universal attention and a titter of surprise.

At two o'clock a messenger enters rather in a hurry, and requests "my lords and ladies to uncover," at which there is a general uprising of all the ladies present, and amidst a great rustle and audible laughing, mantles and shawls are laid aside—no one knows where, though effectually out of sight. There is a long pause of anxious expectation, during which the Earl of Balaklava reputation, and who has for his motto "*en grace affie*," (on grace depend), walks slowly up the House. Immediately after him come the late Speaker of the House of Commons, the Marquis of Westminster, the Earl of Malmesbury and Viscount Ebury, the latter in the very newest robes of state. Again there is a long pause, during which so many peers come in that additional benches have to be sent for, though hardly a peer, comparatively speaking, of the liberal party is present. The ladies are filling up their time by putting on their shawls, with as much care as such a furtive toilet admits of, when the doors are thrown open and the heralds enter two by two, bowing stiffly in their rich and awkward tabards, as they pass before the empty throne. The great officers of the household, in their splendid uniforms, succeeded, followed by the Earl of Derby with the Sword of State, the Marquis of Winchester bearing the Cap of Maintenance, the Duke of Hamilton carrying the crown before the Queen, at whose appearance all rise and stand.

Her Majesty was superbly attired in a robe of white and gold tissue, covered with a mantle and train of crimson velvet and ermine, the heavy folds of which were borne up by her ladies in waiting. On her head was the high crown of brilliants used on these state occasions, and her Majesty also wore a stomacher and necklace of brilliants to match. Prince Albert wore the uniform of a Field Marshal, and took his seat on the left of the throne, where he was almost hidden by the Earl of Derby. The seat for the Prince of Wales, on the right, remained vacant. The Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, with the Lord Chancellor carrying the Great Seal, stood on the right of her Majesty. Immediately after ascending the throne and adjusting her foot-stool, her Majesty commanded the House to be seated, while the Deputy Usher of the Black Rod was dispatched to summon the attendance of the Commons. During the interval that elapsed her Majesty conversed with the Prince Consort, the Earl of Derby, and the Marquis of Worcester, till the silence was broken by a confused rush of feet, and, headed by the Speaker and Mr. Disraeli, the "faithful Commons," with noisy and tumultuous eagerness, assembled at the bar of the House.

Her Majesty then rose, and receiving the Speech from the Lord Chancellor, proceeded to read it, though the first paragraph was almost inaudible from the repeated "hushings," by the members of the Lower House. Beyond this slight interruption, every word was audible.

METROPOLITAN GOSSIP.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Washington, *February* 24, 1859.

I am a modest Jenkins, *mon cher Redacteur*, or my head would have been turned by the indirect praises heaped upon my Belgravian prototype and myself during the past week. Editors and reviewers, correspondents and reporters, in describing the Napier Ball, have each taken occasion to declare that theirs is NOT a Jenkins-like account, with as much earnestness as some of the wall-flowers at the National Hotel rejoice that people don't talk about them as they do about a fair widow who is the belle of that caravansary. Unhappy quill-drivers! Who, to read their plebeian and prosy small-talk, would even suspect their ability to chronicle fashionable life, or to describe the attire of those who are its ornaments? They do their best, I am pleased to admit; but it is very evident that they have never studied the *Court Journal*, or read that work which Thackeray calls the Briton's Bible, *Burke's Peerage*. Mysterious indeed are the mysteries of the toilet to them; neither can their unpracticed eyes distinguish between real lace and imitation, or tell diamonds from paste. In short, these press-Hessians, who so sneer at "the Jenkins style," are but snobbish imitators, who obtain "items" in return for puffs of fiddlers, pastry-cooks, and faded belles, which they spin out *usque ad nauseum*. It would, however, be as easy for Mrs. Partington to sweep back the advancing waves of ocean with her broom as to persuade the public that Jenkins is wrong in supplying them with fashionable gossip; and I feel sensible of the benefit conferred by the advertisements of jealous would-be imitaters.

The echoes of the aforesaid Napier Ball yet linger, like the murmurs of a rose-tinted sea-shell; and those who were present are now looking for the illustrations of the gay scene, which they expect to find in the next number of *Harper's Weekly*. The fact that the promised pictures will well represent what the artists really saw will make them far more valuable than the pictorial fancy-sketches with which we have been favored, in other sheets, of former festivities; and it is only to be regretted that you could not give the portraits of the bright stars which formed the constellation of loveliness. Cold and stately blondes from New England, dark-eyed brunettes from the sunny South, the polished belles of the Atlantic cities, and the awkward squad from Pike County, would form a brilliant group if posed before the mammoth camera of Brady, who not only gives the exact physiognomical expression, but conveys the salient points of character of each sitter.

Of course there are grumblers! It was a ball in honor of the Anglo-Saxon embassador, and every one who invested ten dollars therein had a right to exercise the prerogative of an Anglo-Saxon. Traveled gentlemen, gotten up regardless of expense, grumbled because there were not looking-glasses enough on the walls; expectorating gentlemen of the "first families" grumbled because there was a lack of spittoons; deaf gentlemen grumbled at the lack of bass-drums and trombones in the orchestra; epicurean gentlemen grumbled because they could not sit down at table until the ladies had eaten; thirsty gentlemen grumbled because there was nothing stronger than Champagne; and other gentlemen grumbled generally, for the very love of grumbling. Yet the ball was a success; and if Mr. Dallas will expend a few thousand pounds in entertaining M.P.'s and the inhabitants of Belgravia, he also will doubtless be *fêted* at his departure.

The most piquant accounts of the ball, and of those who were there, were given on the Saturday evening following, at the reception of Madame la Comtesse de Sartiges, who occupies the Carter mansion on Georgetown Heights, into which the French Legation moved after the unceremonious exodus of Sir John Crampton. The criticisms of the attachés and chancelliers of the Legations on the belles and their dresses, were amusing in the extreme; and then we had the home-comments of our runaway consul at Liverpool, Beverly Tucker, who is a distant connection of the hostess. Rainy as was the night, and muddy as was the long and weary road to travel, those who were out on t'other side of Rock Creek were gloriously repaid, nor has his Imperial Majesty's representative ever had a more agreeable set of guests. A few years ago he was the topic of scandal-mongers' tales, but of late *les amours* of a colleague in the *corps diplomatique* have been the theme. Whose turn will it next be?

On Monday Mrs. Secretary Thompson gave her last reception, and a crush it was. The saloons were packed like fig-boxes, and the full-length portrait of Old Hickory looked grimly upon the degenerate Democracy, which has lost in the pleasures of this modern Capua its ancient integrity—so say those who have just now started the old nag "Retrenchment" on the Presidential track. There were admirers of the solid values there, however, for when the silver was counted next day, some thirty pieces were *non est inventus*. Of course, no guest was guilty.

The Tuesday morning receptions have been thought by many far superior to those of the Cabinet ladies on Thursday, or those at the Executive mansion on Saturday, flanked by Mesdames Gwin and Douglas "at home" at the west and in the east. This week closes the season, and there were gay crowds out *pour prendre congé*. First in point of attractiveness among the open saloons were these of the ladies of Justices Wayne and Campbell, of the Supreme Court, who live side by side in Franklin Row. The diplomatic people congregated at Mrs. John Appleton's; the artistic and gifted met at Mrs. Heine's, the bride of that most capital artist; and the fashionables *pur sang*, crowded the saloons of Mrs. Senator Thompson, whose merry laugh is worth a king's ransom. *Entre nous*, my dear reader, the *beau monde* intend to remain on the field, and let these politicians depart, with their nonsensical business and speeches. Were I a member of Congress (which is hardly probable, although a man never knows to what he may be reduced), I would give good dinners, always keep paired off, and hire some of these horridly inquisitive reporters to write me a speech or two, which the fellows will do for twenty dollars (personalities extra), and shove it in at some evening session, otherwise it must be a bore, especially this sending away onion-seed which never comes up, or these public documents only useful for kindling fires. Yet some of the poor fellows who are not re-elected seem reluctant to leave, and put on Cardinal Woolsey airs most distressingly.

On Tuesday evening there was a reception, or, as the outside barbarians will term it, a *levée*. Would that some Louisiana engineer could have erected some barrier by which the surging tide of humanity could have been checked as it swept past the President. In vain did the venerable Marshal endeavor to "present." Before he could catch the name whispered into his proffered ear the owner of that name would be pushed up to the President, would nervously give his hand the pump-handle shake, and would be carried along into the East room, many not exactly aware whether they had seen Mr. Buchanan or not. Those better acquainted with the etiquette of our republican court edged out of the current, and drifted round in an eddy to where Miss Lane received the salutations of her friends. Mrs. Judge Roosevelt had left for New York (not quite certain of that position at the Court of St. James), but Mrs. Craig was there, and most gracefully does she aid the lady of the Executive Mansion in dispensing its hospitalities. She had enlisted the gallant Texan Senator as an escort for the lady of one of your New York editors, who made her *début* in a most attractive costume of scarlet, trimmed with lace and gold-fringed ribbon, and whose diamonds were worthy of a duchess. The jewels of Mrs. Penniman, however, outshone any present, and the lace of Madame Retout (pillaged from a Spanish altar by her father when he served under Bonaparte) was *sans pareil*. As it was the last reception of the season the crowd was dense and miscellaneous, and the *good hats* had all vanished by half past nine o'clock.

Last night we had gatherings of "the armory and the navery" and the infantry. The soldiers congregated at the house of General Jessup, that gallant veteran, whose young and charming daughter played the hostess most charmingly. At the residence of Commodore Aulick anchor-buttons and gold lace predominated, and men talked learnedly about the Paraguay waters. But the *infantry* mustered at the new and commodious residence of Cornelius Wendell, Esq., that Ogre of the press, who is thought by many to devour Uncle Samuel's estate, and who executes what printing Congress orders punctually and well. How the young people did enjoy his hospitality, and bewitchingly did little misses in ample crinoline flirt with embryo citizens in round jackets and turned-over collars. Happy childhood!

To-night Mr. Riggs, of St. Louis, is to wed the daughter of Senator Bright, and a right good-hearted, sensible, and accomplished bride will he have, of the Circassian style of beauty. She will have no bridesmaids, but there is to be a jovial wedding, at which rich and rare gifts will be displayed. On Friday night Mr. M'Guire, one of our merchant princes, has cards out for a large party, and the valuable paintings which adorn the walls of his picture-gallery will enshrine all the local loveliness—none more beautiful than the graceful daughter of the host.

The men, all the while, enjoy themselves in their way. Numerous suppers have been given in honor of the reappearance of Albert Pike, at which original songs written by that American Körner have been capitally chanted by Jack Savage, that gifted exile of Erin. Dinners have also been abundant, and even to-day the Hon. John Cochrane has invited a choice party of literary men to join him around Gautier's mahogany, a tribute which will be appreciated by the Bohemians who are to be his guests. There is also a ladies' dinner soon to come off at that same restaurant, the givers of which are as yet unknown, and they announce that they will receive their guests *en domino*. Will it be safe, oh guardian of the press, to compromise one's self in this way?

And yet compromises are the order of the day, in love as well as in politics. One of our most dashing belles, who has matchless eyes and at least eight thousand dollars a year income, with a "father in heaven" (it is to be hoped), and a most amiable guardian, has for some time balanced between two rival admirers—one from New York, the other from New Orleans. Matters have been becoming desperate—each suitor has been practicing at the pistol gallery—and lo! a Baltimorean has stepped in, and by a *coup d'état* secured the prize. Knowing the guardian's weakness, he had some fresh mint plucked at Savannah, sent in a tin case by mail to a Congressional friend ["*Free—Pub. Doc.*"], and thus sent to parlor No. —, with his card, the first julep of the season. Guardian went in for that man, he did, and the former rivals now condole each other.

We have had the Bourcicault's at our orchestra theatre (so called because it is little larger than a band-box), and Jessie Brown has heard the "slogan," as it was played behind the scenes on an ill-tuned fiddle—probably Scotch. Just now the star is Sir John [Hackett] Falstaff, that burly knight, whose humor "lards the lean earth as it walks along." Mistress Kemble is condescendingly "reading" at Philharmonic Hall, and dragooning the Hibernians at her hotel. "Fellow!" she exclaimed, on the night of her arrival, "are you presuming to light gas in my room—bring candles—and quickly too!" Dennis rushed away after the luminaries as if kicked.

One other prominent amusement, and my record is at an end. Yet I will but allude, *en passant*, to the metropolitan Pandemoniums, where our legislators who prate of the "necessity for financial reform," often so involve themselves that they gladly accept proffered aid from some kind friend, and in return show him, when a bill comes up in which he is interested, that "Congressmen are not ungrateful." The most aristocratic establishment just now is Hall's, not far from Willard's, although the Legation-men go lower down the avenue. There has been an instance here, within a score or so of months, in which the representative of a "friendly power" was so completely plucked that he was forced to retire, leaving even his private library to be sold under the hammer. More fortunate was our gallant yet dumpy friend General Robles, who played to win, and he won. Alack! why does he not have his opponents either bribed or butchered, and when he can rule in the city of the Montezumas, return here for his fair and gentle American *fiancée?* Meanwhile his old associates "fight ye tiger" with eager zeal. *Dulce est periclum*, Horace tells us.

And so endeth this epistle. Who knows but that, in a century hence, it may be republished as a tittle-tattle transcript of Life in the Metropolis, in the season of 1859? As such, it is respectfully submitted by—*tout-à-vous*—

G. Washington Jenkins.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, February 21, in the Senate, memorials were presented praying for the establishment of an Assay Office at St. Louis. A discussion ensued on Senator Simmons's motion to reconsider the vote on the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill, in which Senators Simmons, Hunter, Toombs, Trumbull, Gwin, and others participated; Senator Simmons's motion was rejected by 25 to 23. The House Army Appropriation Bill was read, and referred to the proper Committee. The Cuba Bill was then taken up, and Senator Mason offered an amendment to the effect that Congress approved the President's policy, and was ready to buy when Spain was ready to sell. Speeches were made on the topic by Senators Mallory and Collamer.——In the House, after various amendments, the Army Bill was passed by 116 to 93. Permission was refused to report a bill for the repeal of the fishing bounties. A resolution was adopted directing the Sergeant-at-Arms to secure the body of a contumacious witness named Connelly, and to bring him up to answer before the House for contempt. Mr. Phillips moved to suspend the rules in order to enable him to introduce a bill providing for a six years' loan of $21,000,000 to redeem the Treasury Notes; after discussion by Messrs. Morrill, Phillips, Houston, Florence, and Kelsey, and the reading of the bill, leave was refused by 122 to 91. The Post-office Appropriation Bill having been taken up, amendments were carried authorizing the Butterfield Company to select the best route, and providing for the advertising, etc., etc. In the evening discursive and irrelevant speeches were made by Messrs. Abbott, Lovejoy, Montgomery, Hatch, Jackson, and Lamar.

On Tuesday, 22d, in the Senate, a private memorial praying for redress against the Turkish Government was presented. The Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Appropriation Bill was taken up, and a number of amendments proposed. An amendment proposed by Senator Clingman, to strike out all appropriations for the New York Assay-office, was lost by 14 to 38. An amendment moved by General Wilson, to reduce the mileage of Senators, was lost. Further discussion ensued on the Kansas question, by Senators Hale, Lane, Smith, Green, and others.——In the House the Post-office Appropriation Bill was taken up, and a motion of Mr. Garnett, to limit next year's Post-office expenditure to this year's appropriations, was, after discussion by Messrs. Garnett, Barksdale, Sickles, Seward, Cochrane, Letcher, Moore, Florence, and Branch, rejected by a large majority. Much useless discussion then ensued on the question whether the Postmaster-General owned lands in Arkansas on the Overland-Mail route. In the evening an unsuccessful attempt was made to take up the tariff question.

On Wednesday, 23d, in the Senate, Senator King gave notice of a bill to establish a branch mint at New York. The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and speeches on general party political questions were made by Senators Stuart, Seward, Brown, Douglas, Bigler, Davis, Pugh, Green, Mason, Gwin, Broderick, Hunter, Hale, Doolittle, Trumbull, Clark, and Smith. Mr. Hale's Kansas amendment was lost by 19 to 27. The Bill was finally passed by 27 to 16.——In the House, the Post-office Appropriation Bill was debated in Committee, but no result was reached.

On Thursday 24th, in the Senate, Senator Yulee's Post Routes Bill was taken up and discussed at great length. Quite a number of amendments were proposed, curtailing or abolishing the franking privilege, forbidding the opening of new mail routes which were not self-supporting; but all amendments of consequence were lost. The Committee's amendments were carried, and the bill was reported to the Senate, but it was found that no quorum was present.——In the House, the Post-office Appropriation Bill was taken up; all the amendments carried in Committee of the Whole were lost; finally, the bill itself was put to the vote and lost by 86 to 119. The Naval Frauds Investigation Committee presented two reports from the majority and minority of the Committee. The tariff question was then taken up, and speeches were made by Messrs. Wilson, Howard, Curry, Nichols, Kunkel, Vallandigham, Thayer, Bliss, Reagan, Boyce, Granger, etc., etc. No vote was taken.

On Friday, 26th, in the Senate, the Cuban Bill was taken up, and a series of resolutions moved by Senator Wilson appropriating $50,000 for the removal of all restrictions on trade between the United States and all American countries south of us. The rest of the day—till 1 A.M. of Saturday—was consumed in a discursive debate; the Administration senators desiring to force the Cuban Bill to a vote, the Republicans endeavoring to substitute the Homestead Bill and occasionally moving to adjourn. All the motions to adjourn were lost till Senator Slidell made his, at 1 A.M. No vote was taken on the Cuba question.——In the House, the tariff question was taken up, and various notices of bills given. The vote rejecting the Post-office Appropriation Bill was reconsidered. A personal debate ensued between Messrs. Phelps, Phillips, Montgomery, and others. The Naval Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and an amendment moved by Mr. Sherman and adopted, reducing the appropriation from $3,100,000 to $1,900,000 for repairs, etc. Other amendments were proposed and speeches made; but the House finding that, at a late hour, no quorum was present, no vote was taken, and the House adjourned.

On Saturday, 26th, in the Senate, the most important motion was the withdrawal, by Mr. Slidell, for the present session, of the Cuban bill. He gave notice, however, that he should again introduce it on the first day of the next session, and stated that his motive for the withdrawal now was to save the Appropriation bills, and thus prevent the necessity for an extra session, though he was satisfied that the feeling of the Senate was clearly in favor of the principles of the bill. The Army Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and passed, after several hours' debate, by a vote of 24 to 15.——In the House, a bill was reported from the Committee on Military Affairs, and passed, which provides for a fine of $500 and one year's imprisonment for cutting timber on the military reservations. A partial report was made from the Special Committee appointed to examine the accounts of the late Superintendent of Public Printing, which implicates Peter S. Duval, late of the firm of Duval & Co., Philadelphia. The Post-office Appropriation Bill was passed by four majority, in the same shape in which it was before rejected. Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, again made an attempt to obtain a suspension of the rules for the introduction of a tariff measure, but the effort was again unsuccessful. The President's expected veto of the Agricultural Colleges Bill was received. The veto is based principally on constitutional grounds, and the bill failed to pass over it. The Naval Appropriation Bill was then considered in Committee of the Whole, but was finally laid aside, and the Senate's amendments to the other Appropriation bills were acted upon.

HOMICIDE OF P. BARTON KEY.

The most startling incident in the news of the day is the dreadful homicide of Philip Barton Key by the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, of this city. Mr. Key had inflicted upon Mr. Sickles the greatest injury and the most intolerable dishonor possible. Of this the full confession of the other party to the crime leaves no doubt. The intimacy had continued for months—nearly a year—and was carried on with every conceivable circumstance of aggravation. It seems that it came to the knowledge of Mr. Sickles on Friday; that he took measures to render himself perfectly certain of the truth; and that, under the frenzy and excitement consequent upon his wife's confession, he shot the man who had injured him dead upon the street. Mr. Sickles surrendered himself to the officers of the law, and was committed to prison to await his examination.

PERSONAL.

The *Tribune* says: "The couple that for half an hour kissed each other in the gallery of the House of Representatives came from Long Island."

In 1795 Samuel Robinson was indebted to Jesse Hunt in the sum of $100, and being unable to discharge it otherwise, he obtained or received a receipt in full by transferring his title to 100 acres, where Hunt Street and various other streets in Cincinnati, including the Court

House site, are now located. From this was derived the princely estate of the Pendletons, N. G. Pendleton having married a daughter of the grantee.

A free colored man, named Cæsar—or, as he was more familiarly called, Pa Cæsar—died near Covington, Louisiana, on the 8th of February, at the advanced age of one hundred and thirty-eight years. Cæsar, according to his own account, was an African by birth, and was brought to Louisiana, then a Spanish province, when he was about fifteen years of age; has resided in the vicinity of Covington for more than fifty years, and until within a few months of his decease had retained possession of his physical and mental faculties, engaging in conversation, in the French language, with any one who chose to visit him. He has frequently spoken of having been present at the laying of the foundation of the old Cathedral in New Orleans, besides other incidents connected with the early history of that city. As a manifestation of respect for the memory of the deceased, his remains were attended to the grave by a number of the citizens of Covington, besides a vast assemblage of the colored population, who have ever regarded Old Cæsar with religious veneration, as the patriarch of their race and color.

Governor Morgan's father is at present on a visit to his son at Albany. The old gentleman is nearly eighty years of age, but in hearty health, and walks as erect as a man of half his years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

IN the House of Lords, on the 10th inst., Earl St. Germans asked the Foreign Secretary whether the election of one person to fill the office of Hospodar in the Danubian Principalities, instead of two, was not inconsistent with the spirit of the convention entered into at Paris last year? Earl Malmesbury said it would be inconvenient to answer the question. The Conference would again reassemble and determine the interpretation of the various clauses of the convention, and it would be improper to attempt to anticipate the decision in the Commons. Mr. Disraeli said that it was not his intention to propose an alteration of the sugar duties. On the 11th inst. the proceedings generally were unimportant. Lord Stanley gave notice of a bill for raising money in England for the service of the Indian government.

THE "THUNDERER" ON THE THIRTY MILLION BILL.

The London *Times* has a playful editorial on the proposed appropriation of thirty millions of dollars by the United States for the purchase of Cuba, and strongly recommends the system to the notice of the Emperor Napoleon. It says that America has certainly deepened the science and enlarged the jurisdiction of money.

A MAN IMPRISONED FOR FIFTY CENTS.

An old man, sixty-three years of age, residing in the neighborhood of New Cross, Deptford, was, a few days since, taken in execution under a judgment warrant of the Greenwich County Court, and committed to Maidstone jail for the full period permitted by the law—forty days. The debt for which the man was taken from his house and a wife, in a dangerous state of health, was a butcher's bill of two shillings and costs; and as the debtor was unable to pay that amount, he was sent a distance of thirty-two miles to expiate the offense of poverty by six weeks' confinement at the expense of the county rate-payers. The insolvent debtors of the jail, however, with thoroughly English generosity, thinking the case one of extreme cruelty, paid the money as soon as they learned the circumstances, and not only released the prisoner, but contributed a sufficient fund from their own scanty resources to take him comfortably home.

THE BURNS PRIZE POETESS.

Miss Isa Craig, the prize poetess of the Crystal Palace Burns Centenary, happening to be "all with weary task foredone," found it necessary to throw work on one side and take rest by changing the muscles of her mind. She shut herself up in the attic, wrote off the poem at a sitting, and "sent it in." She actually forgot all about it, and was quietly sitting at tea, when a mechanic came on some errand, and modestly ventured to ask the lady if she had seen the newspaper announcing that her verses had carried off the prize. That was the first announcement of it to the authoress. Since then she has received an avalanche of the most kindly and considerate letters from all sorts of great, celebrated, and high-born people—in short, she is the lioness of the season.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

The session of the French Legislature opened on the 7th inst. with an important speech from the Emperor. He commenced by referring to the existing agitation, stating that it was excited without any apparent and imminent danger; and after expressing regret at the disquietude, and pointing to his peaceful policy as a proof of his moderation, he proceeded as follows:

"To-day it is my duty to explain again to you that which it appears to me you have forgotten. What have ever been my principles? To reassure Europe, to restore France to her true rank among nations, to cement closely our alliance with England, and to regulate with the continental Powers of Europe the extent of our relations, according to the conformity of our views and the nature of their relations toward France. It was in that spirit that, on the eve of my third election, I made at Bordeaux this declaration: 'The empire is peace.' I was anxious to prove by that expression that although the heir of Napoleon the First had ascended the throne, he would inaugurate a system which could only be disturbed for the purpose of defending great national interests. With respect to the alliance with England I have used all my perseverance to consolidate it, and I have found on the other side of the channel a happy reciprocation of sentiment on the part of the Queen, as on the part of all statesmen, of every shade of opinion. Also to attain that end, so valuable to the peace of the world, have I thrown aside all opportunities of reviving irritating remembrances of the past, even the calumnious attacks dictated by prejudice and the national antipathies of my own country. This alliance has borne its fruits. Not only have we acquired together a lasting glory in the East, but at the extremity of the world we have just opened an immense empire to the progress of civilization and of the Christian religion. Since the establishment of peace my relations with Russia have assumed a character of the frankest cordiality, because we are agreed upon all the points in dispute. I am equally justified in congratulating myself on my relations with Prussia, which have never ceased to be animated with mutual good-will.

THE AUSTRIAN QUESTION.

"The Cabinet of Vienna and that of France, on the contrary—I speak it with regret—have disagreed upon important questions, and it required a most conciliatory spirit to succeed in arranging them. For instance, the reconstruction of the Danubian Principalities has not been completed without many difficulties, which diminished the full satisfaction of their most legitimate desires; and if I were asked what interest France has in those distant countries watered by the Danube, I should reply that the interest of France is every where where there is a just cause, and where civilization ought to be made to prevail. In this state of things there is nothing extraordinary that France should draw closer to Piedmont, which proved herself so devoted during the war, so faithful to our policy during peace. The happy union of my well-loved cousin, Prince Napoleon, with the daughter of King Victor Emanuel is not one of those unusual facts to which some hidden reason must be attributed, but the natural consequence of the community of interests of the two countries, and of the friendship of the two sovereigns. For some time past the state of Italy and her abnormal position, where order can not be obtained except by foreign troops, gives just cause of anxiety to diplomacy. This, however, is not a sufficient motive to give rise to the belief in war. Some may invoke it with all their hearts without legitimate reason, and others, in their exaggerated fears, endeavor to show to France the dangers of a new coalition; but I shall remain firm and invulnerable in the path of right and justice and of national honor, and my Government will not allow itself to be led away or intimidated, because my policy will never be provocative or pusillanimous.

THE EMPEROR DEFINES HIS POSITION.

"Far be from us, then, these false alarms, these unjust suspicions, these interested apprehensions, as peace, I hope, will not be disturbed. Resume, then, calmly, the usual course of your labors. I have explained to you the state of our foreign relations, and this explanation corresponds with all that I have made known during the last two months both at home and abroad. You will, I flatter myself, find that my policy has never ceased to be otherwise than firm, but conciliatory. Therefore I confidently rely upon your support as well as that of the nation which has intrusted its fate to me. It is well known that I never shall permit personal interest or petty ambition to guide my actions. When supported by popular sentiment we ascend a throne, and acquire so grave a responsibility we rise far above that infamous region where vulgar interests are debated, and the first motives of our actions, as our last judges, are God, conscience, and posterity."

THE MILITARY FORCE OF FRANCE.

The *Constitutionnel* has a leading article on the French army. "Algeria," says the *Constitutionnel*, "employs 70,000 men, but our rule there would not be compromised by reducing them to 50,000. Paris, at the present time, has not 130,000, but merely 30,000. Lyons has a garrison of 16,000 men; but it is by no means indispensable, and may be considerably reduced. We will give the official state of the forces of the Empire in case of war, and it will be seen that, without having recourse to any extraordinary measure, France can assemble a very considerable army. On the 1st of April, if we maintain the entire contingent of the class of 1857 under arms, and if furloughs are not granted, she will have 568,000 men under her colors. On the 1st of June, if we call out the entire contingent of the class of 1858, she will have under her colors 632,000 men; and, with the voluntary enlistments in case of war, which will amount to about 50,000 men, will reach the amount of 682,000 men." The *Constitutionnel* then adds some tabular statements in proof of its assertions, and adds: "Thus France, instead of being able to set no more than 130,000 soldiers in the field, can easily, on occasion, have 500,000 men, without altering in any way the regular action of her military institutions. We repeat, we do not give these figures in a spirit of ostentation, nor to prepare public spirit for a struggle. We believe, on the contrary, in the maintenance of peace; nevertheless, the best means for a great nation to maintain peace is to prove that she is not unprepared."

PALMERSTON AND THE EMPEROR.

A Compiègne anecdote is related by a Paris correspondent of an English paper: Lord Palmerston turned out for one of the Imperial *parties de chasse* equipped in his Hampshire "pink," well known in every gorse and spinney for many a mile about Broadlands. The day was drizzly and threatening heavy rain. The Emperor urged his guest to put on a *redingote*. "Oh, no, your Majesty," was Lord Palmerston's plucky and pointed reply, "you know nothing ever gets through our red coats." This to the "Nephew of my Uncle," with Waterloo undigested, I think was telling and spirited.

THE EMPEROR WON'T SEE PEOPLE WHO HAVE NO LEGS.

The following story, which the *Evening Post* has from a New York friend recently from Paris, is none the worse for being true:

"Lord Cowley, the British Minister in Paris, has occasional annoyances. Lord Miltoun (a gentleman whom nature failed to provide with legs) wished to be presented at Court with his wife and daughter. The morning of the day on which the presentation was to take place, the Emperor sent word to Lord Cowley that he could not receive Lord Miltoun, as he heard he had no legs, and that he must sit while the Emperor stood. Lord Cowley was much vexed, but sent an attaché to convey the disagreeable news to Lord Miltoun. Meanwhile, the Duke de Bassano came himself to Lord Cowley to tell him that Lord Miltoun's chair had arrived at the Tuileries; that it must be instantly taken away, and that its legless owner could not be received. This was rather mortifying to the British Minister, but the Emperor was inflexible."

A CLOCK HID UNDER A HOOP.

A good-looking female, wearing a huge crinoline, arrived in a carriage some days ago at a hotel in the Rue de Seine, and giving her name as Madame Rolin, hired the best apartment in the house, and had a splendid breakfast served. In the evening she went out, saying that she was going to the railway to seek her luggage, and she never returned. The people of the hotel, in entering her apartment, found that she had carried off the timepiece from the chimney-piece, and as she had nothing in her hand when she left she must have placed it, heavy as it was, beneath her crinoline! She has not since been found; but she has been condemned by default, by the Tribunal of Correctional Police, to fifteen months' imprisonment.

THE GREAT PARIS THEATRE.

The correspondent of the *Express* writes: "The Theatre Imperial du Cirque here is something like the old Bowery used to be, when it got up in gorgeous style its 'Putnam,' or its 'Days of '76,' and when Kirby used nightly to wrap himself in the American flag, and die—well, no matter *how* he died. The only difference with us in Paris is, that all the glorification and burned powder is strictly French. They are now running very successfully at the Cirque a piece called 'Maurice de Saxe,' an illustrious soldier of the time of Louis XV. You have all seen something of him, as a gallant, in the play of 'Adrienne the Actress.' Here we have him in an exclusively military character, and the battle of Fontenoy is every night fought over in tremendous style. But the play is not worth describing. It is like all French dramas of this sort, with merely a change of heroes. Hitherto we have had only Napoleons, and a summary of one or any of the Napoleon spectacles almost fits this, as thus: Act 1. Drums. Bang! Whang! Bang! Enter an aid-de-camp. 'Gentlemen, the Emperor!' Enter the Emperor, his hands crossed behind his back. 'Colonel, take a battalion of volunteers and capture that redoubt.' Cheers. Artillery and musketry.—Act 2. Drums as before. Aid-de-camp as before. Emperor as before. 'General, take the thirty-third demi-brigade and a battery of artillery. We must have that citadel in an hour hence!' Cheers as before. Artillery and musketry as before.

"And so on through five acts, until the last scene—the inevitable scene between the Emperor and the old trooper, still a private in the ranks.

"'I have seen that old mustache somewhere?'

"'Every where, Sire!'

"'In Egypt?'

"'Hot work at Aboukir!'

"'Where else?'

"'At Rivoli, Austerlitz, Marengo, Wagram,' etc.

"'And you haven't the cross?'

"'That'll come one of these days.'

"'It *has* come!'

"And the Emperor detaches the cross from his breast and places it upon that of the veteran. Veteran seizes the skirt of the old gray coat, bites off a bit and sticks it in his button-hole. 'I'd rather have this than the ribbon!' Emperor wipes away a tear with the back of his hand. Cheers. Artillery and musketry."

A FEMALE QUACK PUNISHED.

The Tribunal of Correctional Police of Lyons in December last condemned a young lady, named Bressac, to 30 francs fine for illegally exercising medicine; also to pay the physicians of the city 500 francs as damages. She, it appeared, had professed to be able to cure maladies and diseases by merely touching the person, and it was stated that she had obtained such success that her house was constantly encumbered with people who consulted her, some of them coming from distant places, such as Grenoble, Marseilles, and even Algiers. It was stated, too, that her patients were chiefly of the better class of society, carriages being constantly at her door; and it was added that on the day on which a commissary of police went to draw up a *procès-verbal* against her he found not fewer than seventeen ladies and gentlemen collected in her ante-room.

PRUSSIA.

THE BABY AND HIS FRIENDS.

Her Royal Highness, the Princess Frederick William, and the Infant Prince, are going on favorably. A letter in the *Nord*, from Berlin, dated Friday, says: "Early this morning Prince Frederick William assembled the servants of his household, and showed them his infant son, whom he held in his arms. I have seen workmen and poor women hurrying from the most distant quarters of the city, and even the peasants from the neighboring villages, to learn how the Princess is progressing. The bulletins signed by the doctors, Schoenlein, Wegner, and Martin, are read and copied with incredible eagerness. In fact, the Berlinese, so cold by nature, are giving way to the most ardent enthusiasm. A committee, it is said, will be formed to secure for all poor children born yesterday in Prussia the sum of 250 thalers on reaching their 24th year. There will be another grand illumination and a serenade, with torches, when the churching of the august Princess takes place. There are also to be Court *fêtes*, popular *fêtes*, and in fact every thing is a *fête*, and for the moment politics are forgotten."

THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW RECRUIT.

A Berlin letter of the 27th says: "When the accouchement of the Princess Frederick William took place, the Prince Regent was walking in the Thiergarten, and on receiving the intelligence he immediately went in a coach to his son's palace. As soon as the event became known in the city an immense crowd assembled near the palace, and became more and more compact as the cannon made known the birth of a prince. Marshal Baron de Wrangle, who was in the palace at the moment, announced the news as he went out, by saying, '*A new recruit has arrived.*' These words were received with loud cheers, which became more enthusiastic when Prince Frederick William appeared on the balcony with some members of the Royal family."

HUMBOLDT AND HIS PARROT.

The German Press records every incident connected with the declining years of the venerable Humboldt. A Berlin paper gives the following anecdote: "The celebrated *savant* possessed a black parrot, presented to him years ago by the grandfather of the Princess of Prussia, Karl August, of Saxe Weimar. Baron Humboldt was very fond of the bird; and, returning home the other day from a dinner party, he was disagreeably surprised by finding the parrot sitting droopingly on his perch. 'Well, Jacob,' he said, approaching the cage, 'which of us two is likely to die first?' 'Pray, your Excellency,' remarked the old valet, 'do not speak to the bird of such serious matters.' Humboldt turned away silently, taking up a book. Half an hour afterward the bird suddenly turns round, looks at its master, and—drops down dead. At this moment poor black Poll is being stuffed at the University Museum for his afflicted survivor."

AUSTRIA.

WAR POLICY AND WAR LOANS.

A Vienna dispatch says that Austria has consented to withdraw from the Roman States on condition of a similar step on the part of France. The *Daily News*, noticing this rumor, hints that Austria's motive in making the proposal may be to stimulate subscriptions to the six million loan now being raised. Letters from Vienna mention the probability of another four million sterling loan being brought forward if the present negotiations are successful.

ITALY.

THE NEW SARDINIAN WAR LOAN.

After a stormy discussion, the new loan of fifty million lire was voted by the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies, by yeas 116, nays 35. The following is a summary of Count Cavour's speech respecting the new loan: "Our policy has been at all times national—never of a revolutionary character. Austria has lately taken a menacing attitude toward us; has increased her military defense at Placentia; has collected very large forces on our frontier; therefore the necessity arises for us to look for the means of defense. Our policy is not defiant. We will not excite war, neither will we lower our voice when Austria arms herself and threatens us."

DETAILS OF PRINCE NAPOLEON'S MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

Details of the recent marriage ceremony at Turin are contained in a letter of the 30th ult., which says:

"About two o'clock yesterday Mgr. d'Angennes, the Archbishop of Vercelli, and the Bishops of Casale, Pignerol, Biella, and Savona were received by Prince Napoleon. On their leaving, his Imperial Highness presented to the Archbishop, who was formerly chaplain to a French corps under the First Empire, a rich snuff-box in gold, ornamented with diamonds and a portrait of the Prince. In the evening a grand serenade was given by the band of the National Guard, and an immense crowd assembled opposite the palace. The marriage was celebrated this morning at 10½ o'clock. The chaplain of the chapel royal celebrated mass, at which the above-named prelates were present. The august couple stood before the altar in the centre, the King being on the right and the Prince de Carignan on the left; next were the Count de Cavour, the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, the Knights of the Order of the Annunciada, and the persons attached to the suites of the King and their Imperial Highnesses. The Princess Clotilde had near her the Countess de Villamarina, her *gouvernante*, and Mademoiselle Salasco, her *sub-gouvernante*. At the conclusion of the mass the Archbishop of Vercelli put the usual questions as to the consent of the parties, and afterward gave his benediction. In a pew on the right were Prince Humbert, Prince Amadeus, and the Princess Maria Pia, who appeared to be much affected at her approaching separation from her sister. The whole party afterward breakfasted at the palace; and at 1½ o'clock the Royal and Imperial party proceeded to the railway station, the National Guard and the troops of the garrison being drawn up on either side of the streets."

WHAT THE POPE AND EUGENIE SAY ABOUT THE MATCH.

A letter from Turin states that, to enable the marriage of Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde to be celebrated on a Sunday, a dispensation from Rome was necessary, according to the rules of the Catholic Church; and that the Pope not only granted it at once, but accompanied it with his congratulations to the illustrious couple. The clauses in the marriage contract are nearly as follow: The Princess receives a marriage portion of 500,000 lire and 100,000 lire in jewels. France, on her part, promises to the imperial pair an appanage of 200,000 francs a year, besides 100,000 francs to the Princess as pin-money. The *Indipendente*, of Turin, states that the ring presented by the Empress of the French to the Princess Clotilde was accompanied by the following autograph letter: "It is customary in Spain, when a young person takes a husband, for her best friend to offer her a ring. A Spaniard by birth, I wish to observe toward you the tradition of my country. Will you, then, receive this ring, and permit me, while waiting to embrace you as a cousin, to call myself your first friend?"

POOR CLOTILDE SEA-SICK.

A correspondent of the *United States Gazette* writes: "A Franco-Sardinian squadron escorted the new couple and their suite to Marseilles, the famed *Napoleon* war-steamer leading the way. One countrywoman only, the Marchesa de Villamarina del Campo, her *gouvernante*, accompanies the poor solitary girl of sixteen into the midst of strangers and foreigners; such are the exigencies of royal etiquette. The weather, unfortunately, proved breezy, the voyage was a rough one, and, alas! there being no royal road by which to escape the *mal de mer*, the poor Princess was sick to death. Flattery is of no use on such occasions. Louis XIV. once complained that he had no teeth left. '*Eh! Sire*,' said one of his courtiers, '*qui est a qui a des dents!*'—who has got any teeth? But this pleasing illusion did not make the old King chew better. There is no greater tamer of human pride, nor surer leveler and equalizer of the rights of man, than a good fit of sea-sickness; a striking illustration of which I remember once to have witnessed on a steamboat off the coast of Spain, when a duchess, a grandee of the highest rank, and her servant-man fraternized over the same bucket, with touching oblivion of all distinctions!

THE RECEPTION AT MARSEILLES.

"On reaching Marseilles the Princess appears to have recovered her spirits and good looks, and showed herself to the expectant multitude, we are told, in a 'green velvet dress and white bonnet.' All agree that she is tall, graceful, and prepossessing, with fair complexion and light auburn hair, a singularity in Italian beauty. The beautiful yacht, the *Reine Hortense*, came close up to the quays of the Canebiere, the famous wide street of Marseilles, where an elegant tent had been constructed, in which Marshal Castellan, from Lyons, General Fleury, from Paris, and other notabilities, waited to greet the stranger. Six Imperial state carriages and twenty lackeys, in the Napoleon liveries, sent specially from the capital by railroad, conducted the party along graveled streets and past windows waving with flags, to the prefecture, where breakfast and presentations occupied the two short hours of their stay.

THE ENTRY INTO PARIS.

"What a cold and insensible people the French are, or have become on these public occasions! Not only did not a hundred voices rend the air to cry welcome to Paris to the young and gentle lady who came among them, but not one single voice was raised to cheer her as she passed where I was stationed, and the experience of all whom I had time to speak to at different points of the line confirmed my own as to the absolute silence observed. The Princess moved gracefully and graciously in passing, but no one cried, 'God bless her!' though many, perhaps, may have wished it to her. The Princess Clotilde is a pretty, intelligent-looking blonde, and might easily pass for eighteen or twenty instead of sixteen years old. She has the self-possession of one long accustomed to public life, and seemed altogether free from the shyness, tremor, or confusion of an ordinary bride. Her face is short, with the forehead broad and low, and generally expressive both of sweetness and intelligence. She wore a very simple pink velvet bonnet, almost without trimming; the rest of her dress, as she sat in a carriage, I will not venture to dilate upon. By her side sat the Princess Mathilde, now of very large proportions, and opposite to her husband, of nearly equal development. The Prince grows larger and more round-shouldered every year. Well might a by-stander ask whether it was the Princess's 'father' who rode beside her; he looked more suited to the paternal than the conjugal relationship with so young and pretty a partner. The total want of distinction in his person, or elevation in his countenance, mar what in other respects amount almost to good looks and handsome proportions. The party passed in six or eight carriages, all drawn by two horses only, and escorted, not by the *cent gardes*, but a handsome troop of dragoons in blue uniforms. A very marked distinction was thus made between the state of those who are in the direct line of the throne and those who are not. After proceeding to the Tuileries to receive the embraces of her new relations, the Princess returned to the Palais Royal, to repose and dress for the entertainments given in her honor this evening at the palace. As I have said, the most remarkable feature of the occasion was the exquisite coldness of the Parisian populace."

DEPARTURE OF THE NEAPOLITAN EXILES.

A letter-writer says: "On Saturday, the 15th January, Poerio and his companions had their chains taken off, though the Royal decree was read to them on the 9th instant. On arriving at Pozzuoli some articles of dress were sent to them by their families, for all were wretchedly off with respect to clothes; nor can I make out whether they drew for the ten piastres offered by the Government; there were some, certainly, who would not touch the money or receive any favor from the Government. Poerio wore a historical coat, one worn by his father in prison, for persecution has been the inheritance of the family. On the last morning (Sunday) the families of Daro, Mollica, and Pica, visited them, and the reunion after so many years of separation, and the taking leave, were very distressing. On leaving Pozzuoli they went to the prison of Nisidia, and took up seven priests, and eighteen other companions, civilians. From Procida they took up eighteen more; and afterward, touching at S. Stefano, took up sixteen others. The *Stromboli*, with the prisoners, accompanied by the *Fieramosca*, an armed steamer, then pursued the course to Cadiz, while the *Messagiere* returned to Naples with the commission, Captains Rodriguez and Dupuis, and the commissary of police, Salvati. These officials, from what I hear, did their duty gently."

The Madrid journals of the 29th ult. announce that two Neapolitan vessels of war, having on board Poerio and the other political exiles, arrived on the previous day in the roadstead of Cadiz, and "It is said," adds the semi-official *Correspondancia Autografa*, "that, by order of the Queen, all assistance required by the sad situation of the exiles has been accorded to them."

HAYTI.

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT GEFFRARD.

Port-au-Prince papers of January 29 have been received at Boston. They give the details of President Geffrard's inauguration, which took place on Sunday, January 23, with great pomp, in the Senate chamber—a large portion of the army of the island, foreign diplomatists, strangers of distinction, national dignitaries and others, being present. The city was decorated, and the President elect, in the costume of a General, proceeded on horseback to the Legislative Hall, where he took the customary oath of office. From thence the President and suite proceeded to church, where a solemn *Te Deum* was performed. On the way Geffrard was hailed by the people as "the liberator of his country." The rest of the day was spent by the people in rejoicing over the happy event.

ACCOUNT OF A HAYTIAN DUNGEON.

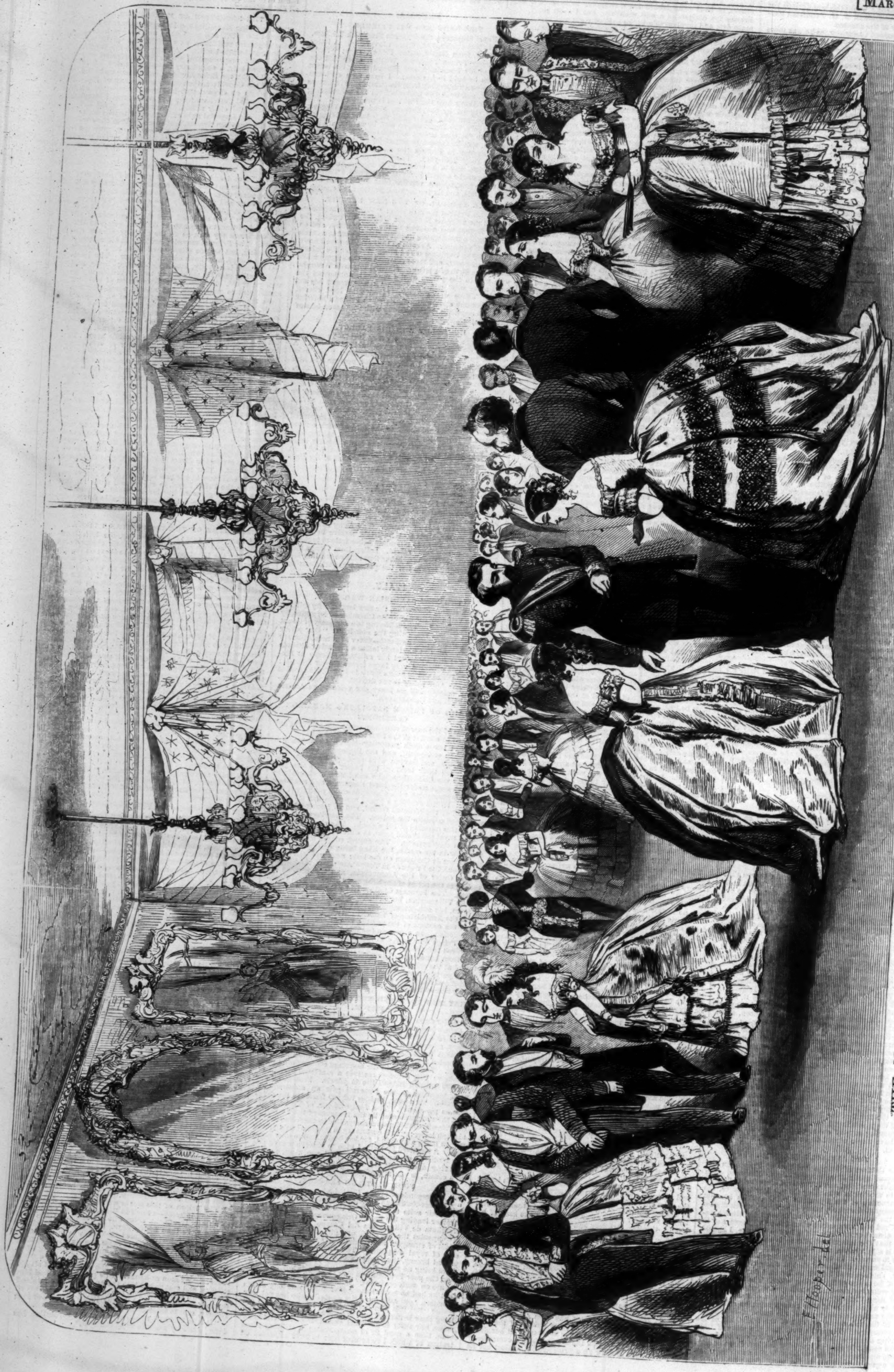
The *Herald* translates the following from the *Moniteur du Commerce*: "There have been found in Fort Labouc the remains of 1507 victims. In that fort was immolated the unfortunate Decimus Grevier. The following is his story:

"The Sieur Gilmuce, baron and son of the Minister Gelin, otherwise called the Duke de la Baude du Noir, having beaten Madame Nicolas Grevier and her daughters with a riding whip, was called to account by Decimus Grevier for the outrage committed on his mother and sisters. A duel with swords followed, in which the Baron fell. Decimus was arrested, and, as he was a lieutenant, he was tried by a military commission, which condemned him to three years' imprisonment. But the Minister, dissatisfied with this sentence, obtained the consent of his ex-Majesty, and had Decimus sent to Fort Labouc, where he was assassinated immediately after his arrival.

"Here also was murdered a brave man named Patrice. His crime was this: When the pickets endeavored to enter Aux-Cayes to pillage that town, in 1846, Captain Patrice sallied out against that horde of brigands, whom he succeeded in putting to flight. In April, 1858, he remained the same Patrice of 1846. For this reason, and this reason only, was he arrested at Aux-Cayes, and imprisoned and put in irons at Port-au-Prince, without trial of any sort. He was then condemned to seven years' imprisonment in irons in the dungeon of Mole St. Nicholas, and to bury forever the true causes of his wrongs, and conceal them eternally from history, Fort Labouc secretly put an end to his sufferings.

"The prison of this fort is a subterranean dungeon, damp and infected—a tomb in short, in which, even with the mildest treatment, those who are interred there can not live more than fifteen days. But the commandant of the place, a person named Richard, was in the habit of abridging the sufferings of those who were sent to him without a formal order of extermination, by causing hundreds of blows to be administered to them with a stick twice a day. He was, it is said, the direct heir of all his inmates. As soon as he received a prisoner he had him stripped and cast naked into the dungeon. He retained for his own benefit the provisions which the relatives of the condemned, as well as the charitably disposed of Fort Liberty, sent to these unfortunates.

"It is to this hell upon earth that the revolution has done justice by a decree suppressing it."



THE NAPIER BALL AT WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON CITY, ON FEBRUARY 17, 1859.

LADY NAPIER.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

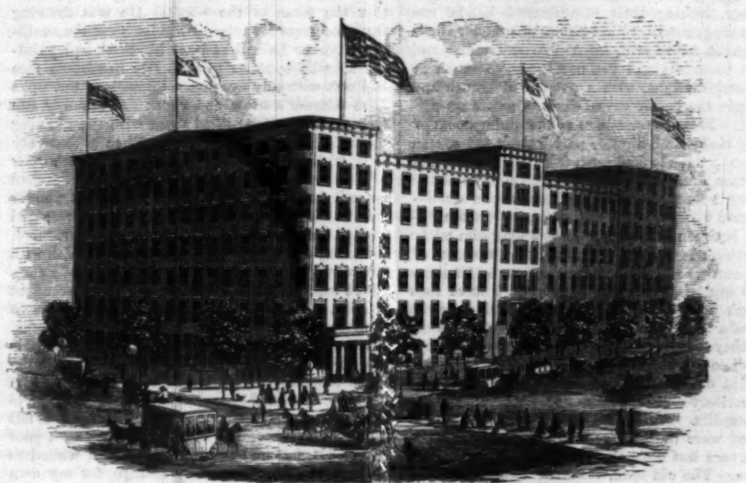
LORD NAPIER.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

The Honor of your Company is requested at a Ball in Honor of Lord and Lady Napier, at Willard's, on the Evening of February 17th, 1859.

Managers.

Hon. James M. Mason.	Hon. Steph. A. Douglas.	Hon. M. W. Tappan	Hon. W. D. Merrick.	Capt. Hudson.	Reverdy Johnson.
" Wm. H. Seward.	" Wm. M. Gwin.	" G. B. Adrain.	" J. B. Clay.	" M. F. Maury.	W. W. Corcoran.
" A. Kennedy.	" J. H. Hammond.	" W. G. Whitely.	Genl. T. S. Jessup.	" C. Ringgold.	Samuel F. Vinton.
" John J. Crittenden.	" Z. Chandler.	" J. V. Wright.	Dr. Wood.	Col. Harris.	B. Ogle Taylor.
" Simon Cameron.	" T. L. Clingman.	" L. B. Comins.	Col. Cook.	Maj. Russell.	Henry Ledyard.
" Henry Wilson.	" James L. Orr.	" F. P. Blair.	" Johnston.	Prof. J. Henry.	William Selden.
" Robert Toombs.	" Horace F. Clark.	" Jas. M. Wayne.	" Thos. Lawson.	" A. D. Bache.	W. L. Hodge.
" Jefferson Davis.	" G. H. Pendleton.	" Samuel Nelson.	Capt. C. Wilkes.	J. G. Berrett, Mayor.	James M. Carlisle.
" James Dixon.	" Israel Washburn.	" James Dunlop.	" Rudd.	W. W. Seaton.	Jos. C. G. Kennedy.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE CARD OF INVITATION TO THE NAPIER BALL.



WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE NAPIER BALL—THE SUPPER.

THE NAPIER BALL AT WASHINGTON.

We gave in our last so full and so graphic an account of the great Napier Ball, which came off at Willard's Hotel, Washington, on 17th February, that we need only direct attention to the accompanying illustrations. They are executed from sketches made on the spot at the time, and may be relied upon as accurate in every particular. The Ball itself was a historic event. Lord Napier's career shows how much may be achieved by a British envoy who has the tact and the good taste to make himself agreeable to our people. Never has any British minister departed this country with so much of the good will of the American people.

NESTOR HALL.

He is no Somersetshire-man—I had almost said no Briton—who has not heard of Nestor Hall and the Mountesdils. It is my belief, and the belief of all Nestorton village, that very soon after the subsidence of the waters of the Deluge and the abandonment of the Ark, the Hall began to be built by one of that ancient race. There were doubtless many generations of the family in antediluvian times, but we will suppose, in order to preclude uncheerful genealogical argument, that after the Flood it was commenced again, and that Japhet Mountesdil was practically the founder of the family. Having his weather-eye open, doubtless, after recent experiences, he laid the foundations of his mansions upon a very lofty hill, with great quantities of oak-wood about it, especially serviceable for rafts.

In Nestor Park still stand these immemorial trees, many single trunks of which—scarred with the rough usage of a thousand winters, and curiously affected, as by some old-world disease, with bulbous excrescences and writhings of super-timberal agony—our village-maidens, seven and eight together, linking their outstretched hands, can scarce ring round. What circles of summer shade they make for us still, for Age to rest under and Youth to revel; and yet not shade, so much as mellowed sunlight, with a pattern of branch and leaf upon the grassy carpet such as never art portrayed. From the windows of the dining-room of Nestor Hall—and, humble parish clerk and sexton as I am, I have looked forth from them more than once upon occasions of general festivity—half the country is seen lying beneath like an open scroll—town and village, wood and river, and in the distance, between the farthest hills, a long dim misty line, which is the sea. Though that is scores of miles away, so that I have never been by its shore in all my life, from the turret top I have seen through a spy-glass many a ship, and once the peak of a terrible mountain that is even across the sea, they say, and in Wales. It has always seemed to me as though the whole landscape was presided over by Nestor Hall, and formed but the territory and kingdom of its ancient lords the Mountesdils.

They were indeed, even within my own memory, a race but little short of kings in power and station. The old man, Geoffrey Mountesdil, *was* a king in pride. I see him now, erect, on-looking, fierce, as though he anticipated some cross or opposition (when, goodness knows, he had all things his own way enough), stalking into church as though he complimented the place by his presence; or poking the fire in his grand old family pew, just before the sermon, and preparatory to going off to sleep, like a fine old gentleman of the olden time, as he was, and after the comfortable custom of his endless line of ancestors. Some are born to work, and some to enjoy themselves, and so it must always be; but I confess that in my too conspicuous box, beneath old Mr. Humdrum, and in a July afternoon, maybe, when I have had my dinner, I have felt a little envious, and desirous of altering my station in life, at least for an hour or two, more than once or twice. Had you chanced to call the Squire Mr. Mountesdil, he would very likely have knocked you down: the way to pronounce that time-hallowed name was Mosedale, and woe was to that wight who took it into his mouth from the mere spelling.

When I first came to Nestorton the old gentleman had been a widower some years; but his two sons, Ernest and Beauchamp, and his only daughter, Eleanor, dwelt with him at the Hall. I know not which was the proudest of the four, but in those days I used to think that it was Miss Eleanor. Had she been less than she was—other than the haughty high-born beauty which she was acknowledged to be—she would have been counted downright uncanny and eery, she had such terrible blighting looks at times, and such beautiful evil eyes. She was open-handed, indeed, like the rest of her race; but there was as little kindness in the manner of her gifts as gifts could have. Ernest was the masculine double of her, unforgiving, cruel upon the bench of justices, and exacting, in return for a generosity, submission and slavishness enough. Beauchamp was the least rigid, although the most passionate of the four, and was, with us, perhaps the least unpopular.

In spite of what I have said against the Mountesdils, they did no little good among us in their unpleasant way. Poor men—not such as we, but those who may be in reality poorer, since they are something like gentle folks themselves—authors, musicians, and, in particular, painter-artists, often had a helping-hand stretched out to them by old Geoffrey and his sons. I have known as many as half a dozen of this sort of folk staying at the Hall together at one time, eating and drinking of the best, and driving and riding the Squire's horses for all the world as though they were their own. The painters came in my way more than the others, because of my office, for the church was old and ramshackly, with ivy and rubbish about the big gray tower—which afterward brought it down, by-the-by, as I expected—and altogether such a building as delight your artists, who seem to care most for places that are become ruinous and dangerous to other people. "Gabriel Grubb, Gabriel Grubb," they would sing out at my cottage door—although my name is not Grubb, nor any thing like it—"give us thy keys, sweet grumbler!" They were a mad lot, and therefore I did not take much count of them, although I must say that they paid their footing handsomely enough, and so deserved, poor devils, to be richer. One Mr. Miles Daynton, in particular, used to pay me like a prince. It was the inside of the church which he was engaged on, the sculptures, and the carvings, and such like; and very beautifully indeed he painted them, but, as it seemed, even to me, exceeding slowly. "Let me be left alone," he used to say; "let no one disturb me at my work, and here is a crown for you."

About a score of years ago—in the June of 1838 or so, or it may be a year later—he had come for the keys one day, as he had done many days before, and was inside the building, when I had occasion to fetch from the vestry the surplice of a neighboring clergyman, who, having preached at Nestorton the preceding Sunday, had left it there, and sent his servant over for it that morning. The great door was locked on the inside, as I had expected; so, not wishing to disturb Mr. Daynton, I dropped into the ante-chapel through a little window that chanced to be open, and thence intended to get what I came for from its place without being noticed. On my way under the north gallery to the vestry, however, I was surprised to hear voices in conversation, and when, unseen myself, I became a witness as well as a hearer, my astonishment became absolute terror.

Miss Eleanor, the haughty beauty, the contemptuous queen, was Mr. Daynton's companion, and, as I learned from her own lips, the painter's betrothed bride. That they had met there alone, and secretly, many times before, was certain enough, but it was reserved for me to hear that day, with my hair on end, their open confession of love. I shall not forget, so long as I live, either the scene or the words. He was drawing from the great Mountesdil window over the southern nave, or he had at least his easel and painting utensils opposite to it. His handsome face and soft womanly eyes were in shadow, but upon Miss Eleanor's brow and cheek the mid-day sun streamed full, and bathed them with the glowing colors from the armorial panes. Even in that very spot, within reach of her great-grandfather's—Sir Montacute's—marble hand, if he had but stretched it forth from his monument (and I almost wonder that he did not) in warning to the degenerate girl—with the very life-blood of her line, as it seemed, mantling upon her cheeks—she plighted faith with the young painter. His Art and his Love combined together as he looked upon her transcendent beauty, to make him swear that with that crown of splendor upon her forehead she was a very queen, and he her loyalest subject; that, with that halo of glory round her, she was a saint, and he her devotee forever. And she, instead of withering him with her ancestral eye, or crying for her grooms to whip the madman from her imperial presence, fell fairly into his arms at once, just as my own poor Molly did, five-and-forty years ago! I waited to see no more, and was sorry enough, for my own sake, that I had seen what I had. Should it ever come to be known that I had been privy to this without revealing it, the Mountesdils were not the men, as I believed, even to stick at the murdering of me. It was probable, on the other hand, that I should not be suffered to survive the telling of it; insomuch as the first whisper of such a disgrace having occurred to one of their family would be sure to rouse in any one of them a perfect whirlwind of fury. And then, to betray the generous young fellow Daynton—seeing that I would as soon rob a tigress of her feline admirer as cross Miss Eleanor in such a matter—why, that was not to be thought of, either. So I kept my own counsel, and waited to see what would come of such a love-affair with curiosity enough. One week afterward, upon a beautiful summer night, Mr. Daynton and Miss Eleanor eloped from Nestor Hall without a soul in it being any the wiser until the next morning. She left a letter behind her for her father, not entreating his forgiveness (she knew him too well for that), not asking any thing of his love and tenderness, nor appealing to her brothers for their good offices, but simply stating that she was determined to marry the young painter, and, anticipating opposition, that she had therefore done so clandestinely.

Oh, proud as the men were, the woman, to my thinking, in this very matter, proved herself far prouder. Let her marry whom she might, thought she, that man would straightway become ennobled by her alliance, not she degraded by his. She could not picture herself filling any position other than that to which she had been accustomed. She had no idea but that the once-mistress of Nestor Hall could ever meet with aught but the utmost subjection and respect from all the world. Old Geoffrey knew far otherwise, for he had known the world; but if he thought of what suffering must needs be before her, it was the sole reflection which gave him any consolation now. He absolutely hated his daughter. His fury was such, when he heard of her flight, that it brought on a stroke, and he lay for hours speechless, and striving in vain, with his paralyzed tongue, to utter curses upon her.

He and his sons, they say, took a solemn oath together that they would never hold communication with her or hers as long as they lived. Mr. Ernest came up that very day to my cottage (terrifying me thereby to the last degree, since I made sure my secret was discovered), and bade me bring him the register, which I did not dare refuse to do; and with his own hand he erased his sister's name from the register, as if he would have made it as though she had never been born. His brother and himself, and the old Squire as soon as he was well enough, were seen in the county every where in public above their wont, as though they strove to brave the matter out, and prove that they were heart-whole and above disgrace.

We did not hear any thing of Mr. or Mrs. Daynton for nearly a year, when some of us read in the papers that she had born a son; and very soon afterward the postman said that he had taken a letter in her handwriting to the Hall, addressed to the old Squire. Had the girl, then, forgotten what sort of man her father was in that little time? or had poverty bowed her lofty spirit so low, and so changed her haughty nature already, that she thus courted insult and invited contempt? She forgot not, neither was she changed; but the mother had stooped to implore that for her child which she would have died rather than demand for herself or her husband. My son is of the Mountesdil blood, she argued; his grandfather and uncles will not suffer him at least to be nipped by this cold poverty in his youth. Would they not? If she could but have seen the old man's smile when he took that letter, and—knowing what it was about as well as though he had read it—placed it unopened in an envelope, bidding his steward direct it back to her, she would have felt that he would indeed, though, and that gladly. The Dayntons were very, very poor. Miss Eleanor, that was, had not a shilling in her own right, and her husband's trade was not a thriving one. Presently a little daughter came to them, delicate, fragile as a flower, and another letter arrived at Nestor Hall—to be returned. The third and last came soon afterward, black-edged, and addressed in a somewhat trembling hand, to tell that she was a widow, and the cause of offense—she went to the length of writing *that*—was now removed; but when this letter came back to her like the rest she folded her sick child in her arms, and, with her almost baby-boy beside her, set forth upon her bitter life-journey, unaided, friendless, and with the memory of prosperous days to mock her.

About this time the Mountesdils of Nestor Hall began to thin. The old man died without repenting him of his wrath, unforgiving, and not so much as mentioning his banished daughter or her offspring in his will. Soon afterward Ernest died also of a strange complaint, the name and nature of which I am unacquainted with; only, because so many of the race have died of it, it is called among us the Mountesdil fever. It is said that on his death-bed he adjured his brother Beauchamp to see that the old Hall and great estate should not pass after him, by any means, into Daynton hands; and Beauchamp, as though dreading to die, like Ernest, early and without an heir, married almost at once. His bride, though fitting enough in respect of birth and station, was one of sixteen children, and by no means wealthy. She had been the pet of her family, and when the young proprietor of Nestor Hall had come a wooing, was permitted to draw that excellent prize out of the matrimonial lottery without any domestic rivalry. Despite her seeming success, however, the young Mrs. Mountesdil found herself, they say, very far from happily matched. Her lord and master was imperious at all times, and tender only by fits. His disappointment at neither heir nor heiress making their appearance so soon as had been sanguinely calculated upon would have been ludicrous in a meaner person. The thought that his young nephew, Theodore Daynton, was already looked upon as heir-presumptive to the entail, drove him half wild with fury, and made very many persons, who were certainly in no way to be blamed in the matter, exceedingly uncomfortable.

What would have been mere vulgar ill-temper in a person of the middle class, was of course but a strong proof of "force of character" and "impatience of circumstances" in a Mountesdil; but we at Nestorton were certainly not displeased when Mr. Beauchamp took himself off, along with his unfortunate lady, to his estate in Ireland. In a little afterward we had news of her having given birth to a daughter; but the family did not visit us again until the summer before last. Miss Gertrude, then a girl upon the brink of womanhood, was supremely fair—fairer than her mother, whose beauty, indeed, was failing lamentably; fairer than her aunt Eleanor—whom nobody had heard of for about fifteen years—and yet not half so fair as she was good. If I seem to boast of Miss Gertrude overmuch, it was at least a weakness in which all Nestorton indulged likewise. She was higher-hearted, placed more above all meanness, I do believe, than ever woman was, and yet she was not proud. She came among the haunts of poverty and disease as naturally and unconcernedly as a sunbeam. Her nobleness was discovered mainly in the grace that attended every thing which her hands were set to do, whether they were pouring out the rich red wine from the cellars of Nestor Hall, for the comfort of the sick, or arranging in a broken jug, upon a widow-sill, a score of simple wild-flowers. Those folks who call the poor ungrateful, and who have yet been really good to the poor, must have erred strangely in their manner of giving. The kind word, even though the kind deed be lacking, is not lightly held, believe me; but the kind deed without the kind word gets indeed small heart-thanks. Few of us have our human perceptions so dulled by poverty but that we know our friends from our mere benefactors; and even the beggars by the roadside don't like to have charitable half-pence thrown at their heads.

Thus Gertrude Mountesdil was the first of her lordly race who ever reigned in the hearts of those about her. When my poor Molly was leaving me for heaven twelve months ago, the dear young lady spent an hour a day and more in our little cottage, and so I learned to know how good she was. Master Wilmot, the young painter—since Nestor Hall no longer patronized the arts—was then living at the Pig and Whistle in our village, instead of the Mountesdil Arms (which did not say much for his taste), and met Miss Gertrude under my roof for the first time. I saw how it was with him at a glance, having had some experience of artist-love at first sight already; and when he said that he must call the next day for my keys again, because the altar-piece was so very well worth studying, I walked a little way back with him upon his road home, and gave him a good slice of my mind. I told him how, once before, just such another painter-chap as he, and not so determined a looking fellow either, had carried off the pride of Nestor Hall, to the ruin of all concerned—"which," observed I, "young gentleman, shall not, if I can prevent it, happen twice. It was ill enough for Miss Eleanor, who was fit to hold her own wherever she was; but Miss Gertrude was another sort of a young lady, and, by your leave, shall never marry a—"

"A what?" cried he, flushing to his temples, and looking for a moment just like poor Mr. Daynton of old times, only with a greater passion than he would have ever shown. "Marry a what?"

"Marry beneath her," said I, coolly enough. "She's a Mountesdil; I know the whole lot of them, and they ain't good for painters to marry. Not, Sir," added I—for I would not have slandered her to any man for any earthly purpose—"not but that Miss Gertrude is an angel, and would bring a blessing with her upon whomsoever she wedded."

At which he seemed to be a good deal mollified, and went his way. Still, as he hung about the village weeks enough for the altar-piece to have been copied a dozen times, and as I had seen him speak to our young mistress without rebuff, I made bold to tell her, out of my love and duty, and as an old man who was under greater obligations to her than he could ever repay, in how great a danger she might be lying. Her rising color and dewy eyes told me one tale, and her quiet, self-possessed reply another; but I believed the second one, because I knew Miss Gertrude to be truth itself. She said that if she had loved Mr. Wilmot ever so much she should not dream of marrying him without the consent of her father; and that, knowing beforehand what his answer would be, she had given it to the young man as her own, and so dismissed him. For all this, I think, love concealed, "like the worm in the bud," as is writ upon one of our tomb-stones, "preyed on her damask cheek," and from that hour stole away her spirits. There was no breast at home wherein she could repose her sorrow. Her mother was unaffectionate; or, at least, quite undemonstrative of affection, and a victim to nervous disorders. Her father had become, in these latter years, moody, suspicious, and uncompanionable, from mental causes as well as from physical. The Mountesdils had been famous for their iron constitutions and their determined wills; but Beauchamp had been growing weaker in body, and more wavering in mind, for a long period. The broken man, the hypochondriac woman, in that unpeopled Hall, must have indeed been cheerless company for the young lady. She did her duty, nevertheless, which was always a labor of love to her; and when her father's afflictions drew near their close in death, she seemed, with her quiet usefulness and undespairing ways, as though she kept the awful Shadow away. It was, they say, an evil death-bed. The healing spirit who was the sick man's nurse was herself sometimes the object of his fear; he would bid her go, leave him, and quit the house, as the cause of all his misery and disease. His love for his daughter was only manifest while he muttered curses against her whose claim to the Mountesdil property Gertrude's birth had barred. His wife, nervous and terror-stricken, went about the house wringing her hands, and complaining that she was being left without a protector, and exposed to the persecutions of the bitter Eleanor. It was strange how even Mrs. Beauchamp, comparatively a new-comer into the family, yet dreaded this exiled woman. Her character, her appeals, her rebuffs, were well known to her; the very lack of all communication with Mrs. Daynton of late years, seemed to her but as the pause during which the tempest gathers itself up for some terrible burst. The event proved her fears to have been indeed well grounded.

Upon the morning of the burial-day of Beauchamp Mountesdil, when half the lords of acres in the county were assembled in the great dining-room, and the tenantry in the steward's chambers, with their scarfs and weepers, as though they grieved so bad a man was dead, and so excellent a young lady his heiress; when hundreds of poor folks, come to see the show, were thronging the park, and the mourning-coaches stood before the great hall-door, and the hearse, with its black sea of plumes, was awaiting its unconscious burden—Eleanor Daynton came.

Her coach was not a mourning one, nor its pace such as befitted a funeral. She sat in a dirty, travel-stained post-chaise, whirled by four horses, which scattered the crowd to left and right, and routed the army of mutes with little ceremony. The post-boys would have drawn up before they reached the door, but the imperious woman would not permit them, and caused the nodding hearse to be backed out of the way for her. She was in gay colors, contrasting strangely with the scene, and still more strangely with her own stern countenance and malicious looks. Another carriage followed, with two persons in it, whom she beckoned to come after her into the house. She swept through the entrance-passages into the great hall, where the coffin was still lying in state, and, with a cruel smile upon her face, bade one of the domestics, whom she knew, to "fetch the Woman and the Girl down"—who were of course above, in a private chamber.

"My Lady and Miss Gertrude?" said the man, in doubt as to whom she meant.

"Yes," thundered she, "the lying woman and the cheating girl; those two. If they come not, say you from me, it will be the worse for them."

There, by her dead brother's corpse, she waited for some minutes, no more heeding the gaping crowd of servants than if they had been stones, till presently Miss Gertrude, pale, but quite collected, came down alone to her.

"Mrs. Daynton," said she, firmly, "this is cruel indeed. My mother—"

"Liar!" broke in the other. "Come hither in with me."

She took the girl by the wrist, and led her into the dining-room among all the guests. Her two

companions followed, and closed the door behind them.

"Do you remember me," she demanded, "any of you here? You, my Lord Trevor; and you, Sir Richard; and you," turning to a third person. "I at least, on my side, remember you. Poverty, want, disgrace, however, alter women strangely. I am Eleanor Mountesdil, gentlemen—she that married the painter. I was the girl whom father, and brethren, and friends—oh, excellent friends! —turned their backs upon, and refused so much as to speak with; she who was left in the slough of poverty without so much as one hand outstretched for pity's sake to help her. I was the woman whose little angel-daughter died of Want, murdered by that man—for one—whose body lies in the coffin yonder, but whose soul is in hell-fire. I am the widow whom he strove to wrong; from whom, and from her son, I say, that man would have kept back this inheritance by fraud. This girl, whom I have by the wrist here, and who is so bold and impudent that she blushes not even now, is an Irish peasant's brat whom Beauchamp and his wife have reared thus long and passed off as their own. For sixteen years and more they have acted this deceit to the life before you all, but never for one moment did they deceive *me*. I tracked them and their wicked doings like a sleuth-hound from the very first, and now I behold my quarry. I have held the proofs of this thing in my possession for years, and these men—lawyers both—whom I have brought with me, well know it, and that I hold them now. I have waited—not patiently, Heaven knows, but at least without sign—month after month, year after year, for the day of retribution to arrive; and now, behold, it is come!

"Some score of years ago I was discarded, penniless, disgraced by the masters of this house wherein we stand; two years later, they refused me the least pittance for the support of my ailing child. She died. They wronged me, one and all, even on their death-beds; the last, that felon corpse yonder, the worst. The law can not now reach him; but as for the woman, his widow, whom you have used so fairly, and feasted with, and flattered to the height, she shall taste prison-fare, wear prison-garb, breathe prison-air, and reap, in all respects, the harvest of her deeds."

The whole company were so astounded by these revelations, and by the imperious behavior of her who made them, that no one interrupted or interfered with her in the least; the two persons who accompanied her corroborated all her statements; and it, moreover, was reported very soon, that Mrs. Beauchamp, upon hearing that Eleanor Daynton was below, and the nature of her errand, had, in a paroxysm of terror, confessed every thing that had been alleged against her. The furious accuser recommenced her denunciations unopposed. "Girl—bastard—cheat!" cried she, addressing the unfortunate Gertrude, who, although deadly white, never once quailed before her accuser, or trembled in a limb, "you act well to the last, but your farce is well-nigh over. Innocent or guilty—"

"Innocent, madam, innocent; I will stake my life on't!" cried an impetuous voice; a young man who had just entered the room clove the interposing crowd, as a wedge cleaves driest wood, and releasing Miss Gertrude from the arm that held her as in a vice, encircled her protectingly with his own. It was the young painter Wilmot who thus fronted the revengeful woman, reflecting in his masculine features the same fierce determination which glowed so unnaturally in those of Mrs. Daynton.

"Theodore, Theodore!" exclaimed she, passionately, but with a perceptible vacillation in her tone, "cross me not in this matter at least. Heaven is my witness—I have nothing but your good at heart."

"I believe it, mother," cried young Daynton, for he it was; "I believe it, and that is why I appeal to you with confidence. Mrs. Mountesdil is my aunt by marriage, and must be respected. This young lady—who is as conversant with fraud as an angel, and who is of a nobler sort, spring she from whatsoever source she may, than any who have yet ruled in Nestor Hall—is my affianced bride, mother, and therefore your own daughter."

Eleanor Daynton trembled from head to foot; but she knew what sort of spirit her son had inherited, and from whose side it came, and was silent.

"My lords and gentlemen of the county," continued he, "if, perchance, in future you may deign to visit us, I take this opportunity, although, indeed, the time may seem scarcely fitting, to introduce you to the future mistress of this house."

The young man lifted his hat, and led Miss Gertrude to the stair-foot, on her way to rejoin Mrs. Mountesdil, when Eleanor beckoned him toward her.

"I will go with her myself," whispered she, in a dry, hoarse tone.

Theodore raised his mother's hand to his lips, and kissed it respectfully.

The two women then retired; and Mr. Daynton, taking his place in the funeral procession as chief-mourner, fulfilled his duties, in the unavoidable absence of much feeling, I must say, with admirable credit.

The late visit of this young man to Nestorton, under the feigned name which he and his mother then bore, had been paid contrary to her wishes, but not without her knowledge. She had dreaded lest his sympathies should be in any degree excited in favor of the young usurper; and her heart was cruelly wrung upon finding, on his return—although he confessed it not—that her boy had indeed fallen in love with his worst foe. Dotingly fond of him as she was, she could not bring herself to contemplate such a union with calmness; and being aware by experiment of the extreme determination of his character, she had come down to the Hall to compass her long-cherished scheme of retribution during his absence, and without informing him of her intention. She had hoped that the wound which she should then inflict upon the girl would be too wide for the possibility of after-healing; and, to do her justice, she had struck vigorously enough. An accident, however, had informed Theodore of what was going on; and his mother, conscious of the clandestine wrong she had intended to do him, and not venturing to provoke him further, had virtually given over opposition, as has been told.

Nay, such miracles can a heavenly nature still effect, such power to turn away wrath has gentle virtue, that the iron-hearted Eleanor was melted in course of time toward her son's Gertrude. Her brother Beauchamp's widow was treated in no way harshly, it being indeed abundantly manifest that she had been but the tool of her husband. She voluntarily preferred, however, to retire with her jointure to her family, rather than to remain mistress of Nestor Hall. There, then, the stately Eleanor now bears rule, her government greatly tempered, however, by the mild influence of her beloved daughter-in-law; and there the young painter practices his art without much eye to a purchaser. The old church, scene of his mother's betrothal, and my little cottage, wherein he first beheld his bride, are, I think, his two favorite subjects. His wife has taught him to look upon the dwellings of the poor from other than the mere picturesque point of view. We in Nestorton have indeed good reason to love and admire the young couple. We seem to have borne the extinction of the Mountesdil name with considerable equanimity; and in spite of a score of legends to the contrary, the grand old towers still stand of Nestor Hall.

CAST AWAY.

It was a quiet lovely evening, I remember, and I had lingered upon deck half hour after half hour, unwilling to go below into the hot saloon of the steamer. My life had, until then, been so constrained and formal that there was a delicious sense of independence pervading my whole being; and had been since the moment that I bade adieu to my uncle and aunt at Southampton, under the chaperonage of a fat, good-tempered Dutch lady, to join my parents in Australia. These parents I had not seen since childhood, and even thus my remembrance of them was not happy; for my father's wife was not my own mother, and a family of young children had displaced me in my one parent's affection; so that this present freedom seemed like a bright ray shining between the two dark clouds of my aunt's sternness and the strange uncertainty of the home to which I was bound. There were others on deck besides myself, but of their identity I was not conscious, excepting one. I watched his figure as he leaned gracefully, half-reclining, a few yards from me, occupied only in wreathing clouds of smoke from the cigar he held in his mouth. He and I had assimilated from the very commencement of the voyage; and I could not have told how far the giving up of this daily companionship weighed in the balance of my regrets at the prospect of the voyage's termination; now he caught my eye, which would wander to where he lay, and he raised his wide-awake hat and smiled, and I was glad at the dusk, for I felt my face become flushed at his detection of me. I again looked across the water, with my mind, or rather my heart, full of him—Captain Conyngham—when my attention was diverted by that horrid Mr. Loring, who had unknown to me approached, and now stood by my side. One hates to be interrupted in a day-dream; and I am afraid I was very abrupt in my answers to his remarks. What he said I do not know, until my attention was arrested by discovering that he was actually making me an offer of marriage. I felt for a moment aghast, principally at his impertinence, as I should have termed it; too much aghast to interrupt him until he came to a pause, as if waiting for an answer. I had always disliked the man from the first moment I had seen him; Captain Conyngham also disliked him; and now, as his words fell on my ear, my objection amounted to hatred. He was dark, and strongly built, what is called a fine looking man; a complete contrast to Captain Conyngham, who was fair and slight. But he was waiting for a reply. I said:

"What answer do you expect me to give you, Mr. Loring? Have I ever given you encouragement to suppose—" He interrupted me:

"None whatever. I will quite exonerate you from ever having shown me any kindness." I could hear by his voice that he smiled sarcastically. How I hate a sarcastic man! "Yet, Miss Gray, it is better to know certainly how I stand at once. I scarcely expect; and yet so long as there is suspense, it is difficult to give up hope."

I was annoyed with him and with myself; and I said:

"Do you then mean to say that you have presumed to make me such an offer without even expecting me to accede to it?"

He was silent, and I indignantly added:

"I think, under these circumstances, the fact is a mere impertinence."

Hitherto he had been humble and quiet in his demeanor; but, as my words reached him, the hand which had rested for support against a coil of rope was removed, and his bent figure became erect, as he answered:

"Miss Gray, when a man offers to a woman the only thing he has worth her acceptance—an honest affection, it is at the least an ungrateful return to be met with—"

He paused, as if unwilling to add a harsh word. I half regretted what I had said, but I would not say so to him when he assumed such a position; and I wished him shortly good-night, and moved toward the ladder. Captain Conyngham was still leaning there; and he took my hand as I passed him, and whispered something which made me forget all about Mr. Loring for some time.

I was annoyed with myself on the following day, as, sitting with Madame Van Dump working and talking, I answered flippantly to a remark of hers relative to Mr. Loring's kindness to the children. "O yes, he's kind enough, I dare say; but to me he is the most objectionable of men. I suppose I am very wrong, but I positively detest the sight of him." The next moment I knew that Mr. Loring had overheard me; for the figure which I had not until then recognized as his moved to a greater distance.

From that time Mr. Loring never changed in his manner toward me. He was as attentive and respectful as before, but more formal. I was always uncomfortable in his presence, and glad to escape from him.

Oh, at this juncture of time, how distinctly I remember all the horrors which followed so rapidly one another! No need to recall; my heart trembles again at striving to write of them.

The ship was on fire! how, I know not. I never inquired by whose fault. Those to blame are gone to their account at that Court of Inquiry where misfortune will not be visited upon us as crime. Death was face to face with us, as we crowded on the deck, eagerly straining our eyes into the darkness made more dark by the glare around us; and scorched, almost blinded, by the heat which momentarily increased. The boats were being lowered; the passengers, mostly in their night-dresses, were huddled together as near the edge of the vessel as they could get, helplessly entreating, or passively abandoned to their fate. At length the first two boats were out and immediately crowded with passengers. I saw Captain Conyngham rush on deck. As he passed me I seized his arm frantically, and begged him to save me. But the evening before he had seemed so much to care for me. Alas! he never even heard my voice; he never saw my face of agony, or felt my touch. I credit him for that. The instinct of self-preservation was too strong; and yet I thought in such crises men were more self-possessed than women. I saw him leap into the overcrowded boat as she shoved off from the ship's side, and I was left vainly beseeching on the burning deck. All the female passengers had been cared for; I know not how it was, but I was overlooked. I felt my fate closing in upon me; yet, in the midst of all, the thought that Captain Conyngham could be so utterly selfish, and, could I acknowledge it, so utterly unmanly, struck me bitterly. I felt the heat gaining upon me as the flames extended to my side of the ship. One man—he was a gentleman, I knew by all his movements—had been actively assisting in striving to subdue the flames, until they gained the mastery over the men's exertions, and at this moment broke out with fresh vigor as if exasperated at being opposed. Then those remaining on board moved to the spot where I stood. I felt a strong arm thrown round me and I was lifted over the side of the ship. What followed I do not know: a long space of insensibility—a confused awaking when it was broad daylight—and I was at sea in an open boat far away from the burning ship. I closed my eyes again, for my brain was too tired to take in any new idea. When again I looked round, I saw at a glance who were my companions: a chaplain, who had been on his way to Sydney, the steward, four of the men, and Mr. Loring. What had become of the captain and all those others whom I had last seen standing on the deck of the ship? I did not know until afterward that he and his companions had been crushed in a mass by the falling of one of the burning masts, and had found a funeral pyre on the vessel. The chaplain asked me whether I felt cold; and I glanced at my own figure as I answered in the negative. I had on rising thrown on a dressing-gown and a petticoat of flannel, but my feet were bare of shoes and stockings; but I was not cold, notwithstanding the chill morning air, for some one had wrapped a cloak round me, and my feet were covered with a man's coat. I presently noticed that Mr. Loring was sitting in his shirt and trowsers only. He did not speak to me, which I thought strange; but my mind was full of conjecture as to the fate of Captain Conyngham, and I closed my eyes to hide the tears which would force themselves from under the lids as I remembered his selfish disregard of me in the hour of danger.

Thus days and nights succeeded one another—how many I do not know. Alternations of hope and fear; the cravings of hunger unsatisfied; wild excitement; half madness; gloomy despondency; horrid blasphemies; impassioned prayers. I was surrounded by gaunt, haggard faces; men rendered desperate by famine and thirst, for the small keg of water which the steward had had the forethought to bring with us was exhausted. It could not have been many days—it was very many hours—I was lying in a state of apathy at the bottom of the boat, only conscious that some one of my companions, less self-engrossed than the rest, was chafing my hands and feet alternately; when a cry arose from all the boat's-crew, sufficient even to rouse me from my lethargy. The gaunt, wretched faces looked still more gaunt from the agonized look of expectation which they had assumed, as they stood, these men, stretching forth their eager hands toward the narrow strip of land which was in sight. I heard a gentle voice whispering in my ear, "Courage, we shall yet be saved!" and warm tears fell over my face. The next hour was spent in strenuous endeavors to make the land, which, like most such energetic strivings, was successful.

We stood once more on firm ground, and every member of the company sped like madmen along the coast in search of something to eat. I wandered faintly, staggering in the same search, but dropped exhausted after a short time. When I recovered I was lying by the side of a little stream of fresh water which trickled from a rock, and Mr. Loring was bathing my face with the water and pouring it down my throat from the hollow of his hand. I strove to thank him, but at that moment a wild cry broke on the air, and he started to his feet without leaving me time to speak. The island on which we were was flat to the sea-beach and I could, upon raising myself to a sitting position, discern the group of my late companions fighting savagely over some prize. The poor, famished wretches had discovered food, and like wild beasts were struggling for their shares. After a time the contest came to an end; apparently more food was discovered; and there was enough for all. I saw Mr. Loring, who had left me, join the group and claim a share. Oh how vainly I longed for strength to reach them! the agony of hunger had revived by the water I had drunk, and I struggled to my feet and screamed in helpless misery for food. I had advanced but a few steps when Mr. Loring began to retrace his way. What the meat was which he brought at that time I never asked. I ate veraciously. I afterward learned it was that of large crabs; a fish in which the island abounded. I was so selfish that I never asked Mr. Loring if he had satisfied his own hunger; but he must have been more than mortal if he had not done so on his road to me, holding that raw crab's meat in his hands; the most delicious thing, it seemed to me, that I had ever tasted.

After that all seemed to go smoothly: the men hauled the boat up on the beach and turned her almost bottom upward as a shelter from the sun; her edge being supported by some pieces of rock, so that we had to creep underneath, on all-fours, when we wished to enter this improvised dwelling-house. At night this house was appropriated to me by the arrangement of Mr. Loring. I remember the men opposed this at first, especially one of them, whose name was Watson; but Mr. Loring knocked him down by way of argument, and I think his logic was convincing for the time. Now, for the first time the difficulty and the strangeness of my situation burst upon me. I was conscious every moment of being a burden upon my companions, and determined violently to exert myself to help instead of embarrassing. Next day, seeing several of the men collecting crabs upon the beach, I advanced, and asked if I could not assist.

"Bless your heart," answered one of them who happened to be Watson, "them little 'ands of yourn ain't fit for carrying these great, thundering things. No, my pretty, thank ye; go and light us a fire to cook 'em by, if you can, and we'll be obliged to you."

I was indignant at the man's freedom of manner; but I hastened to collect the sticks. There was no wood within some distance of the beach, and my bare feet were unaccustomed to rough usage. I could have cried with the pain before I had reached the copse, which seemed to grow more distant as I advanced toward it. It took me some hours to collect sticks sufficient, and it was as much as I could do to carry them back to the spot where the boat was placed. As I thus walked, with my feet aching and myself bent with the weight of the faggots I had collected, all at once the remembrance of other days shot across me in that unaccountable way in which incongruous ideas will sometimes present themselves. I remembered a farewell dance which had been given by my uncle and aunt before I left England, and my own figure reflected in a mirror dressed in white tarlatan, and my feet in white satin shoes with rosettes of ribbon on them. When I had deposited my burden of sticks I sat down and laid the fire. This was easily done; but how to light it? I had read of savages rubbing sticks together; besides, in all Crusoe's stories, that is a plan which succeeds admirably; but I rubbed the sticks together until my wrists ached, without producing any sparks. Perhaps the wood was not sufficiently dry, or I did not understand the method. I felt hopeless and despondent, but having resolved to be energetic, I was still seeking for some more promising-looking pieces of wood when I was joined by the chaplain, an elderly man, whose name was Hart, and Mr. Loring. They were both laden with crabs. I turned to the clergyman for assistance; and he, with more adroitness than I possessed, succeeded in setting light to the pile of faggots, and placing the crabs to roast.

Many days thus passed in the dreariest monotony. Occasionally, I could hear angry expostulations going on among the men, and proposals made which were opposed by Mr. Loring; but I did not ask him what it meant; for, of late, I was more uncomfortable than I can tell in Mr. Loring's presence. I could not help thinking of the pain I had once so unflinchingly given him, who had been so kind to me. At length I knew the reason of all these altercations; the men no longer hesitated to speak in my presence; they declared their intention of taking the boat and leaving the island in search of one less desolate. Mr. Loring vainly strove to dissuade them. Our temporary house was righted to its true position, and provisioned with quantities of baked crab's meat and water contained in empty crabs'-shells (our only vessels), and the men prepared to put off.

I stood watching them from the shore, when suddenly Watson advanced; and, throwing his arms round me, lifted me from the ground and commenced carrying me toward the boat. In vain I struggled and shrieked. His arms felt like bands of iron; when all at once his hold relaxed, and he and I both fell.

"Come, now! we don't go without the gal, anyhow," exclaimed, with an oath, one of those from the boat; "so it's of no use trying on any thing of that sort, I can tell you."

I regained my feet, and, obeying my instinct and the adjuration of Mr. Loring to escape, I fled like the wind toward the copse. Watson was held down, struggling, by his adversary, and, happily, none of the others attempted to follow me. When, after a time, I ventured to look back, I could see Mr. Loring and the chaplain still scuffling with them, until, their patience apparently being exhausted, obeying the repeated cries of the men in the boat, they waded out, climbed the sides, and put out to sea. I shuddered as I thought of what might have been my fate had these men remained upon the island. The chaplain, Mr. Loring, and I were now alone, without shelter of any kind.

Mr. Loring proposed to the chaplain to move higher up into the island and endeavor to make some kind of house among the trees. He always seemed to address himself to some one present sooner than to me. He was too completely a gentleman ever to be neglectful toward a woman, but I began to perceive about this time that he disliked

my company—and no wonder. We explored as he proposed, carrying with us crab-shells full of water, in case we should find no nearer stream, and the remains of the meat which the men had left. Fortunately for us it was lovely weather. When we reached the copse we laid down our burdens, and spent the whole day fruitlessly seeking for some tree sufficiently large to live in. There were none but those of stunted growth. In the evening we sat down exhausted, and the chaplain said,

"I expect the only thing left for us is to endeavor to make a tent out of the branches."

"Without any means of cutting down the branches?" asked Mr. Loring.

Mr. Hart relapsed into musing.

We had made a fire, to make the place look less gloomy. Both my companions were buried in thought. As I passed Mr. Loring I could not refrain from saying,

"I am very grateful to you for rescuing me from Watson, this morning; indeed I am."

He bowed to me, perhaps forgetting at the moment that we were on an uninhabited island instead of in a London drawing-room. Then I felt embarrassed at his silence, and moved away. That night we slept in the open air; or, more truly, I slept, and my companions kept watch in turns—for we knew not as yet but that the island might contain wild beasts. During the night I awoke. It was Mr. Loring's turn to release Mr. Hart. He leaned against the trunk of a tree near me, and I could see his eyes gleam through the darkness; for the fire was burning low. I was conscious that he was looking at me; but the sight of me irritated him after a few moments, and he turned his back completely upon me with an impatient gesture, and sat down before the fire. I did not sleep the rest of the night. I was wondering how Captain Conyngham would have acted had he been placed under Mr. Loring's present circumstances. I had scarcely thought of Captain Conyngham since we had been upon the island. While I was so musing Mr. Loring, as if in pursuance of a train of thought, rose to his feet and held his hands imploringly up toward heaven, whither his eyes followed. Perhaps I was uncharitable. It flashed through my mind that Captain Conyngham would not have acted so.

Mr. Loring devised a method of obtaining boughs by climbing the tree and hanging with his whole weight to the branch—a somewhat dangerous plan, which made me tremble many times for the consequences, and shut my eyes as he descended. By this means we obtained a considerable number of branches as a foundation, which were interlaced in the trunks of four trees which grew near each other, and the interstices filled up with faggots. In this latter I could assist, and I never worked more heartily than when I strove in some degree to lighten the labor of the man who had done so much for me. But this hut, rough as it was, employed us many days to make, and I think "them little 'ands" of mine were in a very rude condition by the time it was roofed and finished. I was astonished myself at the amount of hard work I was capable of when obliged to do it. But what was to be the end of all this? Were our lives here to be spent in this branch hut, living on from day to day—collecting crabs and eating them? For although Mr. Loring had managed to make a sort of fishing-trap, and had discovered various birds'-eggs, and occasionally young birds ready to leave the nest, still crabs were our staple resource. Such thoughts as the above, I knew, very often troubled him; for I, from my inner room at night, could hear him tossing restlessly on his bed of dried grass, while Mr. Hart was sleeping quietly near him. As I have said, the chaplain was an elderly man, and could not look forward to a long life of dreariness. Yet, in words, I never heard Mr. Loring complain. His was the voice always to speak of hope and trust in Heaven, even when his older companion would despond. I do not know how many months we had been on the island. At first we tried to keep an account of the days, but we soon lost it, and gave up the attempt. We used every now and then, by guess, to call one day Sunday.

Oh!—it must be acknowledged, sooner or later—how I loved that man! Day by day it grew upon me. I shut my eyes to the fact for a long time. I, who had fancied I loved Captain Conyngham, who was not worthy to tread the same ground with Mr. Loring! I saw my mistake—how entirely it had been a fancy, when I loved this noble gentleman, this true-hearted man, whose honest affection I had scorned in my blind infatuation. It was too late now; I felt it each moment of my present life. From the hour in which I had shown myself in my heartless, unwomanly character he had ceased to care for me. He had, with his masterly, energetic mind, crushed the feeling whose object was unworthy, and had entirely succeeded. Oh! I was properly punished! I could not see an act of his now, nor hear him speak, without being reminded of the value of the heart I had thrown away. My only solace was in endeavoring to add to his comfort; and my only resource in avoiding his presence as much as possible. Our clothes, of so limited a stock, were continually in need of repair, and it was full employment for me to make small holes along the edges of the rents and draw them together with tough grass—sometimes with a thread composed of a dozen or two of my own hairs.

I ought to mention that, shortly after the departure of the seamen in the boat, two of their bodies were thrown upon the beach. They were dressed as they had left us, and hence we took advantage of their clothes. Mr. Loring and Mr. Hart buried them in the sand, and the latter repeated from memory some of the funeral service.

But the lovely weather upon which I had congratulated myself began to change; and with the change of weather Mr. Hart became ill with a species of low fever. It may seem strange—it did so to me at the time—during all the years of comparative happiness which I had spent—they seemed years of bliss to me now, looking back upon them—I had never given a serious thought to any thing beyond the passing hour; or if sometimes my heart would ask the question which ought to interest us most, I had ready means of avoiding an answer by diverting it. But I could not do so here. Every thing seemed forced home upon me, whether I would or not. There was no passing excitement to fly to; and I, who had my life through turned a deaf ear when churches were open and the Book of God unclasped, was, when deprived of all these things—now vainly longed for—compelled to listen.

Mr. Loring's time was a good deal occupied in attending to Mr. Hart, who soon became too weak to rise from his bed, so that I was very much alone; but, when we saw each other at all, Mr. Loring's manner was more kind to me than it had been since we landed. As I was returning, one morning, from a little creek, whither I went daily to bathe, I found Mr. Loring occupied in cutting a door-way directly into my sleeping-room. I asked him what he was doing; and, before answering my question, he rose, and taking my hand, led me out of hearing distance of the hut, and then said,

"I am afraid—very much afraid—that Hart's fever may be infectious; at least, I will not have you run any risk until we know. You must not any more pass through his room."

"But," said I, "he must be taken care of."

"Can not I," he asked, "continue to take care of him?"

"But if it is infectious," said I, carried away by my terror into betrayal, "if it is infectious, as you think, you may become ill. What should I do? Oh! Mr. Loring, let me wait on him! let me, at least, share the risk! If you should die—"

A strange light came into his dear eyes as I spoke, and he still held my hand, and hesitated; then, all at once dropping my hand, he answered, sadly,

"Of course; it is natural enough. But never fear, poor child! He will not leave you without a protector."

That he should think me so utterly selfish!

"I did not intend that. You mistake me," I commenced, but I was unable to continue; and, sitting down upon a heap of dried grass near our house, I buried my face in my hands.

He walked up and down several times; then stopping in front of me, he said,

"It seems very sad that your brightest days of youth should be wasted in such a place as this; but rest assured, though we can not see it, that it is so for some purpose which will result in good hereafter. It can not continue. Some help will come before long. I am convinced of it."

How little he knew! I would sooner have remained cut off from all comfort and society on this almost barren island, only with him, than return to England, under happiest circumstances, without him. But I could not say it; and he went into the hut, in answer to a call from Mr. Hart, and left me.

I felt frenzied on the subject of this fever. I would not disobey Mr. Loring, and pass through the room; but I kept as close as I could to it, that we might at least run more equal risks during the time of uncertainty. After a few days he told me that he had been mistaken, and that I might resume my attention to Mr. Hart. He was safe, then; and, in my first transport of delight, I fell on my knees before him, and seized his hands. The same look passed over his face that I had observed on the former occasion; but he only said,

"You are content, then, to put up with my society a little longer?" Then, more gravely, "I am afraid, before long, I shall be your only companion. Hart is dying."

I had, of course, a certain amount of regard for Mr. Hart, as was inevitable under our circumstances, and I was shocked and grieved at the news; but it did not affect me so violently. It moved Mr. Loring. He shook with emotion; I had never seen him so agitated before; and again he stretched out his hands to heaven, as I had seen him do that first night of our sleeping in the copse.

Two days after, I was abroad in the wood collecting firing, my almost daily occupation. I was unsuccessfully trying to twist the faggots into a bundle, when Mr. Loring joined me. He had been among the rocks in search of bird's-eggs, the only thing we could procure suitable for an invalid. He took the branches from my hands and commenced twisting them round the firewood, and I stood watching his strong arms doing so readily what had caused me so many vain attempts. He was fully engrossed with his occupation, and I with watching him. I saw a little viper crawl hastily out of the wood and lodge within his shirt. I could not move: my heart seemed to stop beating: I dared not scream lest he should irritate the beast by moving, and I should bring upon him what I dreaded. Mr. Loring looked into my face as he finished tying the bundle, and smiled; but the smile was quickly changed into a look of alarm as he saw my terrified expression. The very thing I would have averted came to pass. He started, exclaiming, "Margaret, what is it? Are you ill?" but the next moment put his hand to his shoulder, with an exclamation. I flew toward him, and pulled aside the shirt; there, on his shoulder, was a dark spot. The reptile, glad to escape, glided away. I placed my lips to the wound: Mr. Loring tried to repulse me, but in vain; I threw my arms round him and clung to him as if my life depended on it. Was not his life dearer than my own?

It makes me shudder even now to think of it. Then, suddenly, a strange consciousness flashed across me. I felt my face crimson with confusion, and I walked some paces away from Mr. Loring, and burst into tears. He did not speak to me; he did not even thank me; but he lifted the bundle of faggots from the earth and looked at me inquiringly. I walked on by his side, still sobbing from excitement. Presently he held out his hand to me, but I pretended not to see it. I wanted to look at his face, but had not nerve to do so for some time. When I did, I saw that he was walking with his eyes on the ground, but looking inexpressibly happy. He seemed to have forgotten his distress about Mr. Hart. While I was thus watching his face he raised his eyes, when I withdrew mine; and, stretching out his hand again, he said:

"Margaret, I half believe you love me. Look me in the face and tell me so, before it is too late!"

I did look him in the face. I would have said, "Believe it entirely; believe it from your very heart;" but I could find no voice.

That evening, as I stood at the door of our hut—Mr. Hart was asleep—he came toward me, and, without a prefatory word, drew me to him, with his arms placed round me, and, in a low voice, explained to me the meaning of his words, "Before it is too late." He wished me to marry him before the chaplain died. The proposal did not come strangely from him, strange as it was in itself. It seemed to have been the haunting fear of his life that Mr. Hart would die before I had learned to love him. I did not hesitate a moment in my compliance—why should I? As he moved toward the house, I said: "Are you going to speak to him now, Mr. Loring?"

He nodded and smiled; then observed, quietly, "My name is Henry," and left me.

That evening we were married by Mr. Hart, who needed no preparation for the event. He guessed the state of affairs throughout. He drew up a sort of certificate, with a wooden pen, on a piece of calico, with some ink manufactured from berries.

After this Mr. Hart sank rapidly, and it was not many days before he died; Henry Loring and I were left alone.

Those were days, to me, as happy days as I can fancy those of our first parents must have been before they fell. I could never have desired a change but for his sake; and it was with gratitude—chiefly on his account—that I hailed the message which one day he brought me, with a pale, agitated face and trembling voice, that a boat had put off from a ship at sea and was making for the island. For his sake I rejoiced as we landed again in England after an absence of more than two years.

All that island life is now a thing only to be talked of to our children, and to be looked back upon almost as a dream.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, *February* 3, 1859.

Paris Weather—The Arrival of Prince Napoleon's Bride—Queen Victoria on her Knees praying for her Daughter's safety—Two great Balls—What the Society of the Faubourg St. Germain is like—French Husbands and American Wives—Husbands to be lodged and fed—Dangers of Paris Life to American Ladies—Mrs. A——'s Ball—The Belle of Paris—Jealousy of the Empress, etc., etc.

I must say that the accounts last week of the temperature of *your* January rather made me rejoice in that of Paris, which has been mild as spring; violets selling commonly in the streets, the flower-markets lovely with all the early plants and gay-colored bulbs, and the conventional winter fireside quite too overpowering even with that slender modicum of fuel peculiar to French ideas. But with this we have little sunshine, and much rain and mud. It seems to promise to be fine and dry to-day for the entry of Prince Napoleon and his little bride; but this will not take place until three o'clock; so I can not further describe it to you, as this letter must be in the post before then, and I shall have hastened with others to secure a good place in my Club windows from which to witness the brilliant procession.

It is a great event to have a *real* Princess arriving again as a bride in this old Paris, which, in former days, has witnessed so many such *entrées*; and the thoughts, by the mere occurrence of such a bridal procession, are made to rush quickly back to old histories, and disposed to moralize on the world's chances and changes—not that I have any intention of inflicting all this upon you.

The last steamer must have taken to (I hope sympathizing) America the news of the brave doing of the Prussian Princess, daughter of Queen Victoria, who seems destined to be as fortunate as a grandmother as she has been in her other domestic relations. It is so seldom that Princesses, any more than others, do exactly what is expected of them, that this producing a fine boy the first time really may be called "doing it handsomely." The Queen's maternal anxiety is represented to have been intense; and her daughter, knowing this, had requested that no telegram might be sent to Windsor until the event was decided. But in this she was not obeyed; and the final happy message, it is said, found the good Queen upon her knees in prayer in her most private apartments. Great is the joy throughout England and wherever there are English hearts; and of course the Hohenzollerns and their subjects are delighted too, and we will hope that the little Prince, thus favorably launched upon the stream of life, will be worthy of his stout-hearted ancestors, and will find a historian as eloquent and as indulgent as Carlyle has proved to his greatest progenitor.

There were two great balls given on the same evening in the *beau-monde* last week, and thus sometimes dividing, sometimes uniting, its principal personages and conspicuous ornaments. To one of these, Madame A——'s, I had no difficulty in procuring an invitation for our friend Frank. To the other I could not have taken the liberty of asking one, as it is a house peculiar in its exclusiveness, and I am sure that the host himself, if he heard that your correspondent professed to have been in his *salons*, would immediately disclaim such an *invité*; so keep my secret, kind reader, or I shall be unable to take you any more to these extremely exclusive réunions. Not that there is much to describe there excepting the indescribable, that stamp of refinement and high breeding which is more remarkable in assemblies like this, without admixture from any extraneous source, and which particularly belongs to what is called "the society of the Faubourg St. Germain." Not but that the members of it get very weary of one another, and are enchanted to escape into other scenes and to find something new; and this is one secret of the success of strangers who entertain in easily securing a large proportion of the Faubourg St. Germain upon their ball and subsequent visiting-list. They may not go to other French houses than those of their own circle; but English, French, Russians, what not, may have them in crowds for the asking—provided that the rooms are large and well-lighted, the music of the best, and the supper too, and provided that they find there others of their own set, and not *too great* a proportion of their host's own country people.

These conditions granted, it is astonishing how condescending they become, even to the allowing of their sons to give their sounding titles and aristocratic names to, it may be, your plebeian "Jones, Brown, and Robinson" daughters—provided always that *you* give in return sufficient money to secure to these sons and their heirs the proper luxuries of their position, in houses, and horses, and carriages, and opera-boxes. I have often been consulted in the preliminaries of these marriages, and have been much struck with the singular aptitude of the French, both young and old, for making bargains. No Yankee "clock-maker" or Californian gold-digger could excel them there.

A grand point in their stipulations generally is that the young husband shall be "*logé et nourri*" (literally lodged and fed) by the parents of his bride. I have known more than one marriage *not succeed* because it was not convenient to comply with this demand; and I once heard a lady whose son had married a great heiress, and was not only "*logé et nourri*" but in every way provided for for life, say that when the young couple came to stay with her in the summer at the ancestral chateau, she should expect them to pay "their own washing, their sugar, and their *bougies*" (bed-room lights); and yet this fine Countess had no idea that what she was saying was extraordinary or "mean," and she is considered a liberal woman. Such things will hardly be believed among you; but I speak from positive knowledge, and in the contrary of a spirit of exaggeration.

I do not know that all this is of any moment when these bargaining minds are met in their own way, and there is a fair exchange of money for a title—food, and lodging, and opera-boxes for an introduction and position in aristocratic society; but I do feel sorry when I see my countrywomen wasting upon these hard-natured egotists the priceless wealth of their warm, delicate affections. I am sorry when it is the young bride who is destined to be disappointed; for not one pure love-beat of her heart can ever be sympathized with by the hero of clubs and drawing-rooms upon whom she has bestowed herself; and when she has discovered this, as discover it she must, one fears that the examples around her, aided by the loneliness of her own heart, may lead her to seek consolation in the fatal excitement of unhallowed attachments. I am sorry for this young wife, but I am still more grieved for the matron who lets her fair name be tarnished by the attentions of these titled libertines, who is pleased with their insipid flatteries, and trusts their vows and professions, when I know, and others know perhaps, that she is deceived, and that he to whom she has sacrificed so much is in reality the lover of some ugly countrywoman of his own, of the demi or some other monde, and with whom he laughs about his sentimental beauty, and the good dinners and excellent opera-boxes which he owes to her romantic fondness.

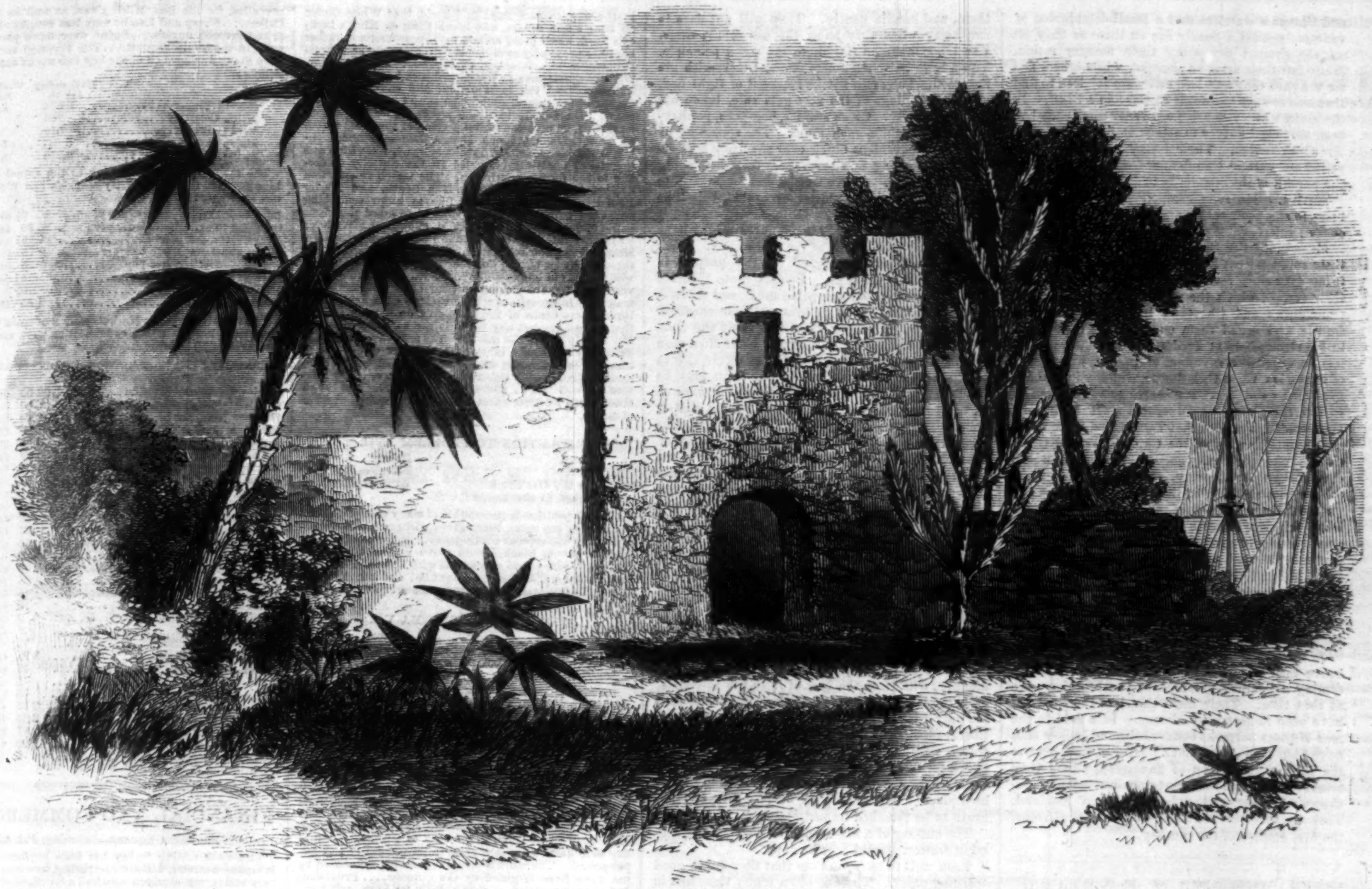
I have seen and continue to see all these things, and I long to raise the warning voice and to unmask the mendacious pretenders; and I have done so sometimes, and received for my pains what I perhaps deserved for intermeddling, certainly what my knowledge of human nature should have led me to expect—first the incredulous reproof and eager denial, and then the averted look and lost friendship of her whose eyes were not *willing* to be opened.

But I have been a long time arriving at Mrs. A——'s, and it is not surprising, for the string of carriages seems interminable. Arrived at last, I find very fine rooms, with profusion of lights and flowers, a still courtesying hostess, crowds of pretty women and wonderful toilets, and all that "*has been* and will be" at all the good balls of the Paris season. The only new thing to me was Frank's eager face waiting for me at the door of the ball-room, that I might "tell him the name of the most beautiful girl he ever had seen or ever could see."

"Did I know her? Could I introduce him?"

"Willingly," I answered, as my eye followed his direction; "but I must tell you that lovely lady is married."

Frank looked as if he could have gladly beaten me. The lady of his fancy is an English woman, with that peculiar fairness of skin and sweetness of expression to which the term angelic may be applied; indeed, she so much resembles it that she might have been the model for one of the angels in the picture of St. Cecilia, by Delaroche, which is in the Pourtalès Gallery, so golden is her hair, so purely and delicately cut the profile, so pearly the hue of the skin. She was dressed in a blue taffeta, voluminous in fold, and trimmed with a profusion of white tulle ruches; in her hair a wreath of blue forget-me-nots; and she certainly looked very celestial. This lady has won many hearts in her time, and been the cause of no little mischief and many erratic exploits among her adorers. The Emperor himself admired her so much, and flirted with her so openly, two or three winters since at one of the balls at the Tuileries, that the Empress indignantly struck her name from the list of the *invitées* to a second. She has been married about a year to a scion of a lordly house; but her beauty is always as remarkable and as winning, and she



RUINS OF GENERAL OGLETHORPE'S BARRACKS AT FREDERICA, ST. SIMON'S ISLAND, GEORGIA.

must continue to be the observed of all, and to win random hearts like poor Frank's, whose evening was completely spoiled because "that young-looking thing," as he said, "was so absurd as to be married."

But when I get upon this theme of fair women my pen seems to run away with me, and that runs away with my time and paper, and leaves me with many themes untouched upon for another week. I would gladly know if "what is writ" is what amuses my readers. I have been so long a wanderer in other lands that I may fail to strike the chords which interest the attention or arrest the sympathies of the dwellers in my own; but here one can never be at a loss for a variety in one's topics. Adieu.

OGLETHORPE'S BARRACKS AND TOMBS.

We engrave herewith, from sketches furnished us by an attentive correspondent in the South, the ruins of General Oglethorpe's barracks at Frederica, St. Simon's Island, Glynn County, Georgia; also "Oglethorpe's Tombs," in which lie the mortal remains of many of his officers and soldiers, the first settlers of Georgia.

The events which give historic importance to Frederica occurred in the year 1742. In that year the Spaniards entered the spacious and beautiful harbor of Brunswick, with a fleet of thirty sail of Spanish armed ships, brigs, etc., and landed some four or five thousand "veteran troops" of Spain to conquer Georgia, and, if successful, to carry the war into the then colony of South Carolina, and annex that noble province to the aspiring diadem of Spain.

To resist this overwhelming force General Oglethorpe had but seven hundred effective men and about forty Chickasaw and Choctaw warriors. The enemy effected an unopposed landing at a place then called Gascoin's Bluff, near the south end of the island, on the east bank of the south branch of the Altamaha River, where it disembogues into Oglethorpe's Sound, or Brunswick harbor. The event, by-the-way, demonstrates most conclusively the importance of fortifying this accessible port on the southern sea-coast of Georgia, and establishing, with the least possible delay, the commanding position of a naval depot at Blyth's Island, recently purchased by government, opposite the beautiful site of Brunswick.

The enemy were commanded by Don Arrodondo and Don Antonio, and took up the line of march for Oglethorpe's spacious intrenchments and *tabby* fortifications at Frederica, situated on the east bank of the south branch of the Altamaha, near the middle of St. Simon's Island. At an early hour in the morning, just as a bright Southern sun rose above the outer islands to illuminate the scene of their utter defeat, the Dons, somewhat fatigued, it is presumed, by their hasty and early march through a tangling chaparral, bivouacked for a hot cup of coffee and breakfast as they entered on a spacious marsh. Here Oglethorpe's van of forty Chickasaw

OGLETHORPE'S TOMBS AT FREDERICA.

and Choctaw warriors and a small detachment of vedettes opened a deadly fire on them as they sat on the ground devouring their meagre ration. Many left their arms on the spot, while others fled for the path they had left, and were rejoiced to find themselves once more safe at Gascoin's Bluff. In the mean while two brigs of twenty guns each had been sent up the river to attack Oglethorpe by water at Frederica. Their heavy cannonade compelled our gallant commander to hasten back from the pursuit of the Spaniards to defend his works at Frederica. He soon compelled the bombarding brigs to slip their cables and make all sail for Gascoin's Bluff.

Meanwhile the Spanish leaders, chagrined by their rapid retreat from Bloody Marsh (the name it has ever since received, and still retains), rallied their troops, which the war-whoops of the furious Chickasaws and Choctaws had nearly rendered frantic, and urged them on to attack Oglethorpe in his strong-hold at Frederica. They were crossing an extensive savanna, or prairie, in advance of Frederica, when Oglethorpe, who lay in ambush in a thick wood (*where our church now stands*), poured into their compact columns a most deadly fire. Here tradition relates that Tomo Chichi, the brave and dauntless chief of the Chickasaws and Choctaws, became personally engaged with Captain Sanches of the Spanish army. The latter drew a pistol and shot the chief in the arm. The Indian had just discharged his rifle, and seizing his tomahawk, cleaved Sanches's skull in twain. The enemy were again most thoroughly defeated; but our cautious General, unwilling to expose his feeble force, allowed them to retreat to Gascoin's Bluff and re-embark on board their shipping. They spread all sail for St. Augustine, when the Spanish chimera of conquering Georgia was forever abandoned.

In the tombs herewith depicted rest some of the brave men whose efforts saved Georgia from becoming a Spanish province, as the Floridas were at that time. Their memories, like their names, have been forgotten by history. In a field to the rear of these barracks bomb-shells and hollow shot have been plowed up, and a boxful of them sent to the Historical Society of Savannah, where they remain unnoticed. These tombs are called Oglethorpe's Tombs, although he died in England. Their tenants were his officers, soldiers, or citizens, the first settlers of the country.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

Throughout this article many "hints" will be given for things which should have been done before this time; but as they are often neglected, we will refer to some of them, on the principle of *better late than never*.

Whether the spring is early or late will, of course, have much to do with the progress of the season's work. Sometimes plowing can be done in March, but, because of the state of the soil, it may be impossible or inadvisable. Of course these circumstances will govern the applicability of our "hints" for the month. But we will begin, lest spring-time be before us; as it is better to be too early than too late.

Examine the farm, or a map of it, if the condition of the land be well known, to "lay out" ground for crops. We should consider carefully the tillage of preceding years, state of the land, preparation, carting, and application of fertilizers.

The week before last we spoke of some of the advantages of subsoil plowing. This is the time to decide which land should, and which should not, be subsoiled. We must be governed by the condition of the soil, quantity of land to be cultivated, and the ability to sow and plant in season.

Stock should receive special attention. Look well to good ventilation and the necessary warmth. Feed and water regularly. Animals become fretful when not attended to at the proper time, which prevents them from thriving well. Watch cows expected to calve. Record births. Do not raise more young stock than your farm is able to support in the best manner, or else you will be overrun with half or quarter starved wretches, of unsightly appearance, and unprofitable. This is true of every domestic animal, from a chicken to a farm horse. We have often seen calves of four months old, well cared, as heavy as half-starved yearlings. A calculation of the food consumed by both, time as an element, quality and value of the beasts, will show which is the more valuable practice—starving or feeding.

Examine all cattle regularly to see if a chaff is on the eye of any of them. If discovered soon after the accident, burn a little alum, pulverize it, and, from a goose-quill, blow some of the powder into the injured eye. The chaff will be removed after one or more applications, made a sufficient number of hours apart, not to irritate the eye too much.

Examine the tyings of cattle and all stanchions, lest in the night an animal get loose and injure those that are tied.

Feed roots, water, and give salt to sheep regularly. Watch for infectious diseases, and use means to prevent injuries from insects. A decoction of tobacco, if used in time, will kill ticks. One bad sheep infects a flock.

Feed horses, carrots and oats to strengthen them for spring work. Groom regularly, and keep stables scrupulously clean. Many diseases are caused by gases pervading the atmosphere of unclean stables.

At intervals, during this month, colts should be handled.

Feed to oxen and steers roots and other strengthening food plentifully, to prepare them for work. Handle young oxen at light work, easily performed, until they know the orders of the driver. If they are three or four years old without training, put rings in their noses and attach lines to subdue them, and handle gently. They will not dare to run away when they know the use of the rings. Use those made on the hinge and screw principle. Those bent in by the tongs of the blacksmith are not good. They can not be loosened or tightened, or if the cartilage of the nose gets sore, taken out or put in easily. Clean stables, hog-pens, poultry-houses, and white-wash them. The spreading of dry and pulverulent muck over the floors will assist in preventing noxious vapors from pervading the atmosphere. Leave wood-ashes for poultry to roll in, and sprinkle plaster or oyster-shell lime over the floor.

With but few exceptions manures might have been composted any part of the past winter. Much time can not now be spared for this purpose if spring work is pressing. Protect those that are much exposed. Cart prepared muck and throw it on the liquid portions to prevent their wastage. It is a *fixer*. Dashing rains wash out the most soluble elements of fertilizers, which are often seen finding their way to creeks, thence to rivers, thence to the ocean. The saving of one farm may be comparatively small; but the economy or want of it, in general, is enough to make a nation rich or poor. The America of to-day, unlike the time when it first ceased to be the hunting-ground of the red man, feels the necessity of sending to the Guano Islands for a fertilizer costing the farmer fifty or more dollars a ton, while the manures of the farm and large cities, containing similar elements, are washed into creeks and rivers, and thence to the waters of the deep. If the season opens early manures will have to be carted at once to convenient places in the fields, made into heaps, not too large, and protected from drenching rains by a coating of muck or tenacious soil. When plowing spread only so much on the soil as can be covered the same day, otherwise there will be loss by evaporation, and perhaps by dashing rains, especially on hill-sides, where water, washing the manure, will carry the best of it to the lowlands, after the labor of getting it to high places, accessible only with difficulty, and generally in want of liberal fertilization. All manures not used in the spring should be thoroughly composted, and protected for future use.

Examine out-offices, and put every thing in its own place. Attend to peas, barley, oats, or other grain to be thrashed immediately.

The cutting of a full supply of wood, if neglected in winter, should now be done.

Look well to tools, and see that they are in good working order. There is often much time lost in looking for a nut or a bolt when, perhaps, the hurry of work is most pressing.

Count plow lines, and plow and ox chains. Do not be looking for them when you should be starting in good cheer with *God speed the plow*.

If harrow-pins are loose make them fast, but not with a wisp of hay, to have them falling out any where and every where, thus causing a loss of time to driver and team while the former is searching for them, perhaps all over a ridge of land, from one end of the field to the other.

Repair farm roads, bridges, walls; draw stone, and build such as are wanting.

Examine springs and drinking-places for cattle, and put them in order.

If posts, rails, and stakes were not all cut, split, and the latter pointed, lose no time. Draw them, if not already done, to convenient places, so that, when there is enough of frost out of the ground for making and repairing fences, they will be ready for use. Doing this at a late date often causes the necessity of drawing them over spring grain, seeded to grass and rolled, and is a great hinderance to doing general farm-work at a proper time, which is just as important as doing it in a proper manner.

In next week's issue we shall refer to the treatment of grass land and winter grain, soiling for working animals, preparation of land for spring grain, cleaning land for root crops, the orchard, kitchen garden, etc.

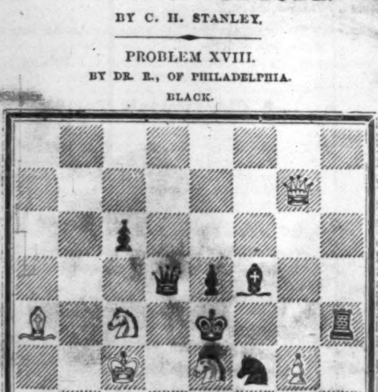
CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

PROBLEM XVIII.

BY DR. R., OF PHILADELPHIA.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dr. R. (Philadelphia). Your communications are always received with pleasure. Pray do not think us too *practical* in rejoinder. In your last (now printed) there is certainly no room for *carping*.——"Gedera" is answered by mail—which, by-the-way, is a sort of reply not practicable under ordinary circumstances.——E. C. B. (Savannah, Miss.). In Problem XI., if Black plays 1. Kt to K 4, White replies 2. Q to Q 6 (ch), and still mates on the third move.——W. C. (Newport, Ky.). Glad to hear of the organization of the "Young American Chess Club," and feel obliged by the Problem inclosed at the request of said association. Just mention, by-the-way, to our juvenile friends, that White Queen on King's fifth square, and Black King on King's Bishop's third, would bring certain royal personages in rather too close proximity to chime it with propriety as at present considered.——C. F. (Talapoosa). Mr. Paul Morphy's pre-eminence at the chess-board has not been acquired without the most patient and enduring study, despite of his natural adaptation to and fondness for the game. He first learned the *moves*, as he himself informed us, on occasion of the playing of the great match at New Orleans between Messrs. Rousseau and Stanley, when his uncle, Mr. Ernest Morphy, likewise a distinguished chess-player, acted in the capacity of second to the former gentleman. The match in question excited immense interest in the South, and Master Paul thought that he would like to know something about the game. Right well has he avenged the chess battle of New Orleans!——J. M. (Newport). We have no further intelligence as to more matches between Mr. Morphy and other celebrities. We don't see what more there is left for him to do in Europe, and hope that he will return ere long.——W. W. K., Jun. (Brown University). We are pleased to hear of the contemplated match, by telegraph, of "Yale College Club against the three Chess Clubs of Brown." We do not see exactly that we can suggest any thing in the way of *preliminaries* to help you in the matter. The ordinary rules of the game are applicable in this as in other cases. As to time for consideration of moves, you had better have some limitation—say either fifteen, twenty, or thirty minutes.——G. B. L. (Beverly Chess Club). "B to Q 5 check" will likewise effect mate in the required number of moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XVII.

White.	Black.
1. R to K	Kt takes B P (*)
2. K to B 4 disc check	Kt interposes
3. R takes Kt checkmate	

(*) This position is susceptible of many variations; but the first, or *key move*, being given will prepare the reader for any subsequent contingency. If, for example, for his first move, Black should move his Rook or other Knight, White would checkmate with Queen at her fifth or sixth square, as the case might be; and if 1. Kt takes P (ch), White mates in the same manner as that above shown.

SOLUTION TO ENIGMA VII.

White.	Black.
1. Q to K R 7	Any thing
2. Kt or B checkmates.	

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Saturday, Feb.* 26, 1859.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been more active for Flour, which has increased in value. Wheat has been in good request, but the high prices asked for it have restricted business. Corn opened heavily and closed buoyantly, with a fair inquiry for sound new. Rye, Barley, and Oats have been depressed....Cotton was in moderate demand at languid rates up to Friday. On that day 4500 bales were sold at an improvement of ⅛ @ ¼ c. per pound. The market closes vigorously, influenced by the news from England by the *Canada*.... Provisions have been unsettled, closing heavily for Pork, and firmly for other kinds....Coffee, Molasses, Sugars, and Rice have been more sought after, as have likewise been Naval Stores, Hides, Leather, Raisins, Dry Cod, Pickled Mackerel, and Adamantine Candles.... Hay, Hemp, Hops, Iron, Lead, Oils, Tallow, Tobacco, and Wool have been in moderate request....There has been less activity in Dry Goods, the demand from the South and from the local trade having fallen off considerably. Prices, however, have not varied remarkably, as desirable fabrics have not been offered freely. The value of the weeek's imports of Dry Goods has been $2,626,464 against $1,208,230 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $21,092,812 against $8,424,346 same time last year The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes. We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$4 00	@	$4 60
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	5 30	@	6 15
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	5 40	@	5 65
Extra Western, per barrel	6 15	@	8 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	6 25	@	8 00
Extra Canadian, per barrel	6 70	@	7 30
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	6 00	@	8 75
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 70	@	4 30
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 70	@	4 25
White Wheat, per bushel	1 40	@	1 75
Red Wheat, per bushel	90	@	1 45
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	84	@	85
Rye, per bushel	82	@	86
Barley, per bushel	75	@	95
Western Oats, per bushel	60	@	63
State Oats, per bushel	54	@	57
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	50	@	54
Southern Oats, per bushel	47	@	53
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11¾	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 70	@	18 25
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 20	@	13 25
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	8 00	@	9 50
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	9¼
Lard, per pound	11¾	@	12¾
State Butter, per pound	16	@	27
Western Butter, per pound	11	@	19
Cheese, per pound	9	@	11½
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 25	@	4 25
Rio Coffee, per pound	10	@	12½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6¾	@	8
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	24	@	32
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6½	@	8¾
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	39	@	40
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	26	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	27½	@	—
Hops, new, per pound	10	@	18
Hops, per pound, 1857	2½	@	5
Hay, per 100 pounds	70	@	85
Tallow, per pound	—	@	11
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 85	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	49	@	—
Tar, per barrel	2 50	@	2 87½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 75	@	—
Linseed Oil, per gallon	68	@	70
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	36	@	56
" Pulled Wool	32	@	45
Am. Yellow Beeswax, per pound	35½	@	36½
Refined Ingot Copper, per pound	24¼	@	24¾
Live Geese Feathers, per pound	42	@	48
Dry Codfish, per hundred weight	3 75	@	4 37½
Large No. 1 Mackerel, per barrel	15 50	@	15 75
Pickled Herring, per barrel	3 25	@	4 25
Smoked Herring, per box	18	@	30
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton	115 00	@	135 00
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton	170 00	@	190 00
Clover Seed, per pound	10¼	@	10½
Timothy Seed, per bushel	2 00	@	2 75

Freights were moderately active. For Liverpool—Cotton, ⅛ @ 3-16d. per pound; Beef, 3s. per tierce; Rosin, 1s. 10½d. per barrel; and Heavy Goods, 15s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The total number of vessels of all classes in port is 661.....Seamen are now easily obtained at the annexed rates of remuneration:

	Wages.	Advance.
To Liverpool ..... per month	$15	$15
To London	15	15
To Havre	15	15
To North of Europe	13 @ 14	13 @ 14
To Mediterranean	13	13
To South America	13	13
To West Indies	12	12
To East Indies and California	10	20
Coasting	16 @ 16	8 @ 9

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were more active for Beeves, which were firmer....A good inquiry prevailed for the best Milch Cows, as well as for Veal Calves....Sheep and Lambs were less sought after, and prices favored buyers....Swine were more plenty, and were in moderate request....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending Feb. 16.	Week ending Feb. 23.
Beeves	3,014	3,152
Milch Cows	166	207
Veal Calves	519	554
Sheep and Lambs	5,681	5,928
Swine	6,936	8,089

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 7½	@	$ 13
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5½	@	8
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 75	@	7 00
" " per pound	5	@	10
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	7
Dressed " "	6½	@	9
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets were moderately active. Eggs were lower. Other commodities were essentially unaltered.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 50	@	$ 5 00
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 50	@	3 50
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 50
Potatoes, per barrel	1 25	@	2 50
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	3 00	@	4 00
Onions, per barrel	3 50	@	5 00
Turnips, per barrel	75	@	87½
Beets, per barrel	87½	@	1 12½
Carrots, per barrel	87½	@	1 12½
Cabbage, per 100	2 00	@	5 00
Cranberries, per barrel	4 00	@	16 00
Celery, table, per dozen bunches	75	@	1 00
Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches	15	@	20
Oyster Plants, per 100 bunches	5 00	@	6 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	5 00	@	—
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 25	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	17	@	18
Chickens, per pound	10	@	13
Fowls, per pound	9	@	13
Geese, per pound	8	@	11
Turkeys, per pound	12	@	14
Wild Turkeys, each	2 75	@	3 50
Ducks, per pound	15	@	20
" black, per pair	75	@	87½
" widgeon, per pair	75	@	1 00
" canvas back, per pair	2 25	@	2 75
Pigeons, per dozen	2 25	@	2 75
Partridge, per pair	87	@	93
Rabbits, per pair	25	@	37
Venison, per pound	6	@	10

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Saturday, Feb.* 26, 1859.

The week ending to-day has been moderately active in business circles, without comparing, however, with the very active period which occurred a fortnight since. The prevalence of contrary winds keeps many ships with valuable cargoes out at sea, and consequently the import entries are light, and the payments into the Sub-Treasury moderate. Money is cheaper again. Call loans now range from 4½ @ 5½, according to the securities offered; at bank, however, very few loans are made below 6. The best short paper is done at 6 @ 6½; and ordinary four months, good, at 7 @ 8. The payments into the Sub-Treasury during the week have been moderate; at present rates for money there is no inducement for parties to take up their proportion of the government loan before the expiration of the delay allowed.

Stocks are somewhat better. On many of the western roads, such as the Michigan Southern, the Rock Island, and the Galena, business is said to be improving, and among the speculators of the board, there is a tendency to buy for the rise. The four great railroads have met again, and reaffirmed their compact. This has had a tendency for the time to strengthen prices, though very little faith is entertained in the duration of the bargain.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRONCHITIS.—We would call attention to "Brown's Bronchial Troches." We have found them efficacious in allaying Irritation in the Throat and Bronchia, and would commend them to the attention of Public Speakers, and others troubled with affections of the Throat. They are also an excellent remedy for Hoarseness resulting from cold.—*Congregationalist.*

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Natchez, Miss. WM. H. FOX.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York, have recently published,

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